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THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, & THE DRAMA.



[REGISTERED AS] A NEWSPAPER.] No. 4682.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1920

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Appointments Vacant

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The appointment will run from the commencement of the next

academical year on October 1, 1920.

Applicants are requested to send fourteen copies of their letter of application, with any testimonials they may desire to submit, to the Secretary to the University, before the end of February.

WILLIAM WILSON,

Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.
CHAIR OF FORESTRY.

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a PROFESSOR to the newly-instituted CHAIR OF FORESTRY at a salary of £1,200 per annum, and they invite

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UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

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THE UNIVERSITY COURT will shortly proceed to appoint a PROFESSOR to the newly-instituted CHAIR OF GERMAN at a salary of £900 per annum, and they invite applica-

The appointment will run from the commencement of next academical year on October 1, 1920.

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LEEDS SCHOOL OF ART.
DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE.

A PPLICATIONS are invited for the post of FULL-TIME ASSISTANT INSTRUCTOR in the Department of Architecture at the Leeds School of Art. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars can be had from the Headmaster. Forms of application, which should be returned not later than February 5, may be obtained from the undersigned IAMES GRAHAM.

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2.-LECTURER in PHYSICS and CHEMISTRY. Graduates with honours in these subjects are required. Applicants

must have teaching qualifications for, and experience of secondary work and must also be qualified to take advanced courses. Salary in each case £372 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10. If the Lecturer should later be appointed professor in his subject the salary would rise by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £550. The engagement in the first instance will be for three years and outward passage will be provided. The successful candidates will be required to begin duty about the middle of February, 1920.

Six copies of letter of application, with particulars of age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by six copies of five recent testimonials, should be lodged with Principal Henderson,

121, George Street, Edinburgh.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE Council invites applications for the appointment of two TECHNICAL ASSISTANTS to act under the supervision of the head of the technology branch in the Education Officer's department. The work of the Technology Branch embraces Technical and Commercial Institutes, Schools of Art and Continuation Schools (day and evening). The salary will be £600 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £800 a year. This salary is based on existing economic conditions. The persons appointed will be required to give their whole time to the duties of their office.

Applications must be made on the official form to be obtained from the Education Officer, London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2, to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, January 31 1920. Preference will be given to those persons who have served or attempted to serve with H.M Forces.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "G.P. 87" and a stamped addressed toolscap envelope must be enclosed. Candidates who desire the receipt of their applications to be acknowledged should enclose a stamped addressed postcard. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD, Clerk of the London County Council.

THE COMMITTEE OF EDGE HILL TRAINING COLLEGE will proceed to elect a PRINCIPAL in the Spring Term, 1920. The selected candidate will be expected to enter on her duties September 1, 1920.

Applications from candidates for this office should be addressed not later, than February 14, 1000

later than February 14, 1920, to F. STANLEY MORRIS,

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if at any time it is not available.

Applications should be forwarded without delay, addressed to

THE SECRETARY, Air Ministry (T. 2), Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

No special form of application is needed but candidates should give full particulars of (i) School and University Education; (ii) Subsequent career; (iii) Teaching experience; (iv) Part taken in sports; and (v) War Service record, and should state whether married or single.

The names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be stated, and copies of three recent testimonials sent.

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January 15, 1920.

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1920

THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE. THE ARTS

LITERATURE AND **MORALS**

T will be remembered that that CONTENTS sage observer, Mr. Henry Gowan in "Little Dorrit," thought there was very little difference between one man and another. He found the most worthless of men to be the dearest old fellow too, and that there was much less difference than is commonly supposed between an honest man and a scoundrel. tolerably sure that Mr. Gowan's creator, if he were alive now, would find the number of people who think in this way very considerably The clear-cut distinction between good and bad, and, with it, the unrestrained indulgence of moral indignation, are now more difficult to discover. We are not so completely sure, now, that we know a good man when we see him, and our indignation with a rascal is mitigated by doubts concerning our own moral excellences. It is not that we are morally inferior to the men of the Victorian ageit is probable, indeed, that we are more honest-but merely that we question their assumptions just as those who have not undergone a special training question the moral assumptions of the Greek drama. The Victorian world was altogether

too much an affair of black and white; we bave learned to recognize the universal prevalence of greys. Perhaps the first questioning of the Victorian assumptions which made its way into literature was the work of Ibsen, and since then we have travelled far and fast. The psychological novelists, whether or not they were great artists, did at least free us from contemplating the world in terms of the Victorian diagram by showing us how cloudy at the edges this diagram was, and how inadequate were its hard, inflexible lines to the subtle gradations of the real world. But all such purely literary analysis, sound and thorough as it sometimes was, is seen now to have been little more than a preparation for the far more rigorous and profound investigations of science. No sooner were the moral assumptions which had

LITERATURE AND M	MORALS	***	***	***	10
"GRANDJERS," by C	rlo William	15	***	400	10
POETRY:					
Plato, from the		Antl	aology,	by	
R. A. Furness.		***		***	10
A Sunset, by Eliz REVIEWS:	zabeth Stan	ley	***	***	10
	M- M6-1	.9			30
The Nostalgia of "Pacem Appella			000	0.00	10
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Prince Talleyrand			***	***	10
The Romance of				***	10
X=?				***	11
Tragedy and the	Melodrama	tist	***	***	11
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL 1		***		***	11
"DISCOVERY" .		***	***	***	113
SCIENCE :					
Psychological Par	lour-Games	, by E	. R. D	odds	11
"Science Progres	s"	***	***	***	113
Societies-Fortho	oming Meet	tings	***	***	11
FINE ARTS:					
Auguste Renoir, 1	André Li	note	***	***	11!
Exhibitions of the		***			110
MUSIC:	O WOOL	***	***	***	LA
A Repertory of	English On	1	T da	S	
					117
A New Govesque		***	***	***	118
A Rapprochemen		***	***		111
Concerts		***		***	111
New Music		***		***	11
DRAMA:				***	
					200
		***	***	000	120
CORRESPONDENCE:					
Compulsory Gree Theory of Grav Sixteenth and "Scots"—The	vitation—E Seventeer	nclosu	res in	the	
Tales			***	120,	121
FOREIGN LITERATU	RE:				
Mediæval French	lassics by	Central	Sainte	hares	100
L'Expérience du					
		000	***	***	122
"Muoiono gli alt		***			123
Anton Tchehov:	Biographica	lNote	3		124
LIST OF NEW BOOK	s	***	***	125-	-12

provided a background for the literature of centuries put to the than they began to question disintegrate.

The daring speculations of some philosophers, only half in earnest, that man is an automaton, have now become almost commonplaces. The psycho-analysts have replaced the psychological novelists, and have traced the springs of human conduct to sources that the latter might have been troubled to contemplate. Of what interest is it, for instance, to read a novelist's dissection of parental jealousy when we can study its minutiæ in some text-book of animal psychology? How can we recaptive the naive thrill at some patriotic action after reading about the instincts of the herd? And of what kind is our interest in the spectacle of good and evil warring in a man's breast when we know we are observing the clicking of a mechanism?

It might be replied that such questions indicate a misunderstanding of the function of literaturethat a work of art is independent of its moral assumptions—that, qua work of art, it has no moral assumptions. There is an element of truth in this reply; the morality of a literature may be regarded as part of its conventions, and the result as a game played according to certain rules. But the reason why

literature is not regarded merely as a delightful game is precisely because these rules are not supposed to be arbitrary. In reading Greek drama, for instance, we may make the necessary effort of imagination and accept the apparatus of fate and furies because we may grant that they symbolize something in our experience. It is possible, however, for a symbol to become too inadequate and remote, as has happened with the pre-Copernican astronomy which so excited the imagination of Donne. A work of art which rests on assumptions which are not merely untrue, but which can no longer be transmuted into something we believe, has no life for us. For most of the literature with which we are acquainted the necessary transmutation is possible, though less completely in some cases than in others. Beneath, however, the

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various local forms there is a substance which endures.

Can it be possible that this very substance is in process of being dissolved away? It certainly seems to be true that the tendency of modern psychology is towards such a view of man as renders equally untenable all the moral assumptions on which literature has hitherto been based. If we apply the experi-mental test, however—if we turn, for example, to the minor Elizabethan drama-we find that the absurdity of the moral conventions does not, in fact, incommode us. The reason lies in the fact that while we cannot accept the conventions we can accept the passions supposed to be founded on them. Love, hate, jealousy, revenge-these are real, although we may no longer hold exaggerated estimates of the importance of female chastity. Where the emotion appears real to us we can overlook the inadequacy of its object, although it would be false to say that we can wholly ignore the discrepancy. The appeal of modern work, as modern, is due to the adequacy of both emotion and object. As we say, the modern problems are our problems.

Now no analysis whatever can alter the fact that we do experience emotions. For most practical purposes the analysis of material objects into their constituent molecules is irrelevant. Our preference of some colours to others, of a soft chair to a hard one, subsists in entire independence of any theories of atoms or æther. When we have learned to agree with the philosopher that a good deed and a bad one are only different motions of a mechanism we shall still love the one and hate the other. If, as seems possible, he goes further and reduces all nobility to subtle self-deception, shows that the spring of every conceivable action lies in primitive, selfish impulse, we shall still prefer some manifestations of selfishness to others. All that can be changed is the particular object of our emotions, and, with increasing difficulty, we shall always be able to transform our symbols from one system to another. It is partially true, therefore, that a literature is independent of its moral assumptions, for although the lapse of ages may metamorphose a noble patriot into a bloodthirsty savage, we shall retain the idea of nobility and continue to sympathize with the poet's ideal purpose. Driven in turn from the stern patriot, the romantic swashbuckler and the Victorian parent as fitting representations of our ideal, we shall none the less never lack an object to embody it.

PLATO

Here on Ecbatana's midland plain lie we, Far from the old Ægæan's thundering strand: Farewell, Eretria, famous fatherland; Neighbour Athens, farewell; farewell, dear sea. Palatine Anthology, vii. 256.

Once among the living, Star of mine,
Star of Morn you shone;
Now that you are gone,
Star of Eve among the dead you shine.
Palatine Anthology, vii. 670.

R. A. FURNESS.

"GRANDIERS"

E are indebted to Miss Ethel Smyth for an admirable phrase to describe the business of "dressing up" which is so delicious in childhood. She tells us in her recently published "Impressions" that she and her sisters adopted the word grandiers" for this absorbing occupation, explaining that it was a corruption from "grandeurs," the word affixed to the label on the package of old robes de cérémonie which were the wardrobe for the family's mimetic enterprises. The phrase is perfect, for what is dressing up but a corruption of the grandeurs of reality, and not only a corruption, but a kind of ironic comment on the substantiality of their claim to any essential grandeur? Also it expresses the uplifting emotion, the pride, of imitating in play what is practically beyond one's reach, an emotion graphically expressed by some small children of my acquaintance. who, stung by the splendour of their father's appearance in evening dress, would at bedtime stretch apart the fastenings of their vests and proudly strut the floor. exhibiting an expanse of bare chest and exclaiming with solemnity "Evening shirts, 'haviour!" The passion for dressing up is almost universal: it has the freest play in childhood, but it extends well into maturer years: there are few of us in whom the memories of juvenile histrionic triumphs are not warm and vivid. The enchanting odour of mystery which was wafted from that old portmanteau full of faded and spangled gowns, those tattered petticoats, those ancient tights, those wigs and most inadhesive false moustaches, lives for us yet: we remember with affection the wonderful combinations of which these simple fineries were capable, and wish, perhaps, that we were but half as ingenious now in making the best of our slender and none too brilliant stock-in-trade. We remember, too, those moments of furtive joy when we tried on some actual attribute of a grown-up personage, a father's top hat, a mother's veil and bonnet or a cook's cap and apron, and ran shouting deliriously, "Look at me!" to posture in ecstasy before the nearest mirror. These august properties, which, by their authentic daily figuring in the world at large, transcended even the "grandjers" themselves, gratified to the full that secret passion whichis at the heart of all dressing up.

That secret passion is curiosity, curiosity about ourselves: it is a far deeper and more compelling motive than the instinctive desire to imitate or to be admired by others. Intrigued incessantly by the problem of our elusive selves, we sought at least by a process of comparison to catch a glimpse of its peculiar unity which might lurk behind any number of appearances. The clothes chosen for us by parents were not sufficiently indicative of our wonderful possibilities; how should we appear in the proper garb of other personalities? That was the absorbing question, which often led to disaster when we put it to forbidden tests. We had no idea of the transmigration of souls, but with a top hat or a bonnet and the spell of a child's imagination we could practise the transmigration of body with the most gratifying

The shocks, the thrills, the surprises and disappointments of the mirror—what a theme for

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and for M. Marcel Proust! It would require a too sedulous honesty in most of us to tell the truth about our looking-glass experiences. How our image beams at us in some new and fantastical guise, giving us a sense of having escaped from old bondages and of being on the brink of new experiences! It is almost ridiculous to reflect how fresh and full of unexpected bravery our old self appears when its image, clad in some new "grandjer," stolen or legitimate, first ravishes our eyes.

When I first put this uniform on.
I said, as I looked in the glass.
"It's one to a million that any civilian
My figure and form will surpass."

The same thing has occurred to us too, when we have flattered ourselves with the spectacle of ourselves in some novel guise. As children we are content to get this treat by furtive borrowings, but in later years, when we may control our habiliments, or, by some exertion, win new colours, we make no bones about tricking ourselves out completely regardless of expense.

Few races can be so absorbed in the passion of dressing up as the English. We revel in every form of sartorial survival. The academic dress of the great universities, the little niceties of some public schools, the wigs and gowns of the Bar, the multitude of Court uniforms, all scream vanity to the world. But not only do we preserve our ceremonial costumes with an infatuated persistence: we invent a get-up for almost every activity. There are those who laugh at the conventional green hat and cock's feather of the German Hochtourist who slowly ascends a slight incline to drink beer at an Aussichtspunkt well placed at an hour's walk from the starting-point, or at the Frenchman's idea of the perfect garb in which to discharge a gun at small birds; but do they reflect upon the multitudinous variations of the Englishman's wardrobe? If he hunt, must he not have his white cords and his pink coat? If he play tennis, his white flannels spotless and accurately creased? If he play golf, his tweed jacket and his deeply valanced knickerbockers, which descend further towards his ankles as his handicap recedes towards zero? If he play cricket, his blazer; if he cure souls, his clerical collar; and if he cure bodies, his frock coat? Will he wear a bowler with a morning coat or let brown boots protrude adventurously from black trousers? Not for a moment. He is the world's model in dress, for he alone takes dressing with seriousness, not as a decorative diversion, but as an investiture of self with the attributes of a settled character. It would be a pity for humanity if the Englishman gave up his "grandjers": he carries them off so beautifully.

This dressing up with visible and material garments is at its best an art, albeit not exalted, and at its worst a harmless foible; but there is another more seductive and more dangerous manner of dressing up which usually calls for an ethical judgment. Mental "grandjers" are irresistible to some people and almost inevitably deleterious. As a nation we are too little self-conscious to indulge commonly in those histrionics which depend wholly on the imitative faculty and not at all on accessories: nevertheless, there are, even in England, imaginative beings who indulge with delight in "grandjers" of the mind. They are usually folk with no very decided characters, and few

ambitions except to enjoy themselves or to please other people. They do not so much posture to themselves in assumed character, for the mental eye is less ecstatic than the physical in the contemplation of a dressed-up self, but they cannot resist the temptation to act before their fellows, asking not admiration of their mimetic powers, but a complete surrender to the illusion. I have a friend called Jenkinson whose mental property room is complete. Put him among politicians, and he will gravely discuss the state of the country, yet proceed therefrom to tea with a pious and High Church aunt whose muffins he will eat with the air of a thuifer. The club smoking-room before dinner finds him the man about town, all cocktails and rollicking anecdotes, while at dinner he will play the foxhunting squire—he never rides—with his right profile, and the sparkling retailer of literary tittletattle with his left. He can tune himself to the flannel collars and bobbed heads of Chelsea as easily as to the tiaras of Berkeley Square: clergymen find him earnest, gay dogs call him a good sort: he can be rapt with poets, and jovially Philistine with stockbrokers. He knows his cue in every scene of the social comedy, or he thinks he knows it, but I sometimes wonder if he is not as obvious in every guise as the most unmistakable chorister in an operatic company. If he flatters himself upon his power of swift make-up, may he not mistake his amenability to external influence for dexterity in self-transformation? Men like Jenkinson are moulded by the society in which they find themselves: they have all the actor's yearning to please, but it is their audience who gives them their part and writes their lines. Jenkinson plays no part for me, because I am in a way behind the scenes and I remember the original Jenkinson, a youth of simple tastes and respectable ambitions, who has disappeared into this pliable nonentity as the bloom of living flesh vanishes from the grey surface of an actor's cheek. In his old age he will be pathetic, for his imitations will no longer charm and their palpable unreality will make them ludicrous. The range of his parts will gradually diminish as his skin tightens over his temples, and his "grandjers" will hang ever more raggedly from his bony shoulders. If he must act to the last, it will be over a wretched pantaloon that death rings down the curtain.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

A SUNSET

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky On to the brimming tide, and there it lay Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony. Are they coming for me?
The big waves croon to her: Hush now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head, And she presses close to the waves to make herself small. On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead, And the birds of shadow fall.

ELIZABETH STANLEY.

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REVIEWS THE NOSTALGIA OF MR. MASEFIELD

REYNARD THE FOX. By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

R. MASEFIELD is gradually finding his way to his self-appointed end, which is the glorification of England in narrative verse. "Reynard the Fox" marks, we believe, the end of a stage in his progress thither. He has reached a point at which his mannerisms have been so subdued that they no longer sensibly impede the movement of his verse, a point at which we may begin to speak (though not too loud) of mastery. We feel that he now approaches what he desires to do with some certainty of doing it, so that we in our turn can approach some other questions with some hope of answering them.

The questions are various; but they radiate from and enter again into the old question whether what he is doing, and beginning to do well, is worth while doing, or rather whether it will have been worth while doing fifty years hence. For we have no doubt at all in our mind that, in comparison with the bulk of contemporary poetry, such work as "Reynard the Fox" is valuable. We may use the old rough distinction and ask first whether "Reynard the Fox" is durable in virtue of its substance, and second whether it is durable in virtue of its form.

The glorification of England! There are some who would give their souls to be able to glorify her as she has been glorified, by Shakespeare, by Milton, by Wordsworth and Hardy. For an Englishman there is no richer inspiration, no finer theme; to have one's speech and thought saturated by the fragrance of this lovely and pleasant land was once the birthright of English poets and novelists. But something has crept between us and it, dividing. Instead of an instinctive love, there is a conscious desire of England; instead of slow saturation, a desperate plunge into its mystery. The fragrance does not come at its own sweet will; we clutch at it. It does not enfold and pervade our most arduous speculations; no involuntary sweetness comes flooding in upon our confrontation of human destinies. Hardy is the last of that great line. If we long for sweetness-as we do long for it, and with how poignant a pain !--we must seek it out, like men who rush dusty and irritable from the babble and fever of the town. The rhythm of the earth never enters into their gait; they are like spies among the birds and flowers, like collectors of antique furniture. The Georgians snatch at nature; they are never part of it. And there is some element of this desperation in Mr. Masefield. We feel in him an anxiety to load every rift with ore of this particular kind, a deliberate intention to isolate that which is most English in the English countryside.

How shall we say it? It is not that he makes a parade of arcane knowledge. The word "parade" does injustice to his indubitable integrity. We seem to detect behind his superfluity of technical, and at times archaic phrase, a desire to convince himself that he is saturated in essential Englishness, and we incline to think that even his choice of an actual subject was less inevitable than self-imposed. He would isolate the quality he would capture, have it more wholly within his grasp; yet, in some subtle way, it finally eludes him. The intention is in excess, and in the manner of its execution everything is (though often very subtly) in excess also. The music of English place-names, for instance, is too insistent; no one into whom they had entered with the English air itself would use them with so manifest an admiration.

Perhaps a comparison may bring definition nearer. The first part of Mr. Masefield's poem, which describes the meet and the assembled persons one by one, recalls, not merely by the general cast of the subject, but by many actual turns of phrase, Chaucer's "Prologue." Mr. Masefield's parson has more than one point of resemblance to Chaucer's Monk:

An out-ryder, that loved venerye; A manly man to ben an abbot able.

But it would take too long to quote both pictures. We may choose for our juxtaposition the Prioress and one of Mr. Masefield's young ladies:

Behind them rode her daughter Belle, A strange, shy, lovely girl, whose face Was sweet with thought and proud with race, And bright with joy at riding there. She was as good as blowing air, But shy and difficult to know. The kittens in the barley-mow, The setter's toothless puppies sprawling, The blackbird in the apple calling, All knew her spirit more than we. So delicate these maidens be In loving lovely helpless things.

And here is the Prioress:

But for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde weepe if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smalle houndes had she, that she fed
With rosted flesh, or milk, or wastel bread,
But sore wepte she if oon of hem were ded
Or if men smote it with a yerde smerte:
And all was conscience and tendere herte.
Ful semely hir wympel pynched was;
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth full small, and therto soft and red,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forhed.

There is in the Chaucer a naturalness, a lack of emphasis, a confidence that the object will not fail to make its own impression, beside which Mr. Masefield's demonstration and underlining seem almost malsain. How far outside the true picture now appears that "blackbird in the apple calling," and how tainted by the desperate bergeric of the Georgian era!

It is, we admit, a portentous experiment to make, to set Mr. Masefield's prologue beside Chaucer's. But not only is it a tribute to Mr. Masefield that he brought us to reading Chaucer over again, but the comparison is at bottom just. Chaucer is not what we understand by a great poet; he has none of the imaginative comprehension and little of the music that belong to one: but he has perdurable qualities. He is at home with his speech and at home with his world; by his side Mr. Masefield seems nervous and uncertain about both. He belongs, in fact, to a race (or a generation) of poets who have learned the necessity of loading every rift with ore. The question is whether such a man can hope to express the glory and the fragrance of the English countryside.

Can there be an element of permanence in a poem of which the ultimate impulse is a nostalgie de la boue that betrays itself in line after line, a nostalgia so conscious of separation that it cannot trust that any associations will be evoked by an unemphasized appeal? Mr. Masefield, in his fervour to grasp at that which for all his love is still alien to him, seems almost to shovel English mud into his pages; he cannot (and rightly cannot) persuade himself that the scent of the mud will be there otherwise. For the same reason he must make his heroes like himself. Here, for example, is the first whip, Tom Dansey:

His pleasure lay in hounds and horses; He loved the Seven Springs water-courses, Those flashing brooks (in good sound grass, Where scent would hang like breath on glass). He loved the English countryside: The wine-leaved bramble in the ride, recalls, but by logue." resem-

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The lichen on the apple-trees,
The poultry ranging on the lees,
The farms, the moist earth-smelling cover,
His wife's green grave at Mitcheldover,
Where snowdrops pushed at the first thaw.
Under his hide his heart was raw
With joy and pity of these things. . . .

That "raw heart" marks the outsider, the victim of nostalgia. Apart from the fact that it is a manifest artistic blemish to impute it to the first whip of a pack of foxhounds, the language is such that it would be a mistake to impute it to anybody; and with that we come to the question of Mr. Masefield's style in general.

As if to prove how rough indeed was the provisionally accepted distinction between substance and form, we have for a long while already been discussing Mr. Masefield's style under a specific aspect. But the particular overstrain we have been examining is part of Mr. Masefield's general condition. Overstrain is permanent with him. If we do let find it in his actual language (and, as we have said, he is ridding himself of the worst of his exaggerations) we are sure to find it in the very vitals of his artistic effort. He is seeking always to be that which he is not, to intoxicate himself into a certainty he will never possess.

From the Gallows Hill to the Tineton Copse
There were ten ploughed fields, like ten full-stops,
All wet red clay, where a horse's foot
Would be swathed, feet thick, like an ash-tree root.
The fox raced on, on the headlands firm,
Where his swift feet scared the coupling worm;
The rooks rose raving to curse him raw,
He snarled a sneer at their swoop and caw.
Then on, then on, down a half-ploughed field
Where a ship-like plough drove glitter-keeled,
With a bay horse near and a white horse leading,
And a man saying "Zook," and the red earth bleeding.

The rasp of exacerbation is not to be mistaken. It comes, we believe, from a consciousness of anæmia, a frenetic reaction towards what used, some years ago, to be called "blood and guts."

And here, perhaps, we have the secret of Mr. Masefield and of our sympathy with him. His work, for all its surface robustness and right-thinking (which has at least the advantage that it will secure for this "epic of foxhunting" a place in the library of every country house), is as deeply debilitated by reaction as any of our time. Its colour is hectic; its tempo feverish. He has sought the healing virtue where he believed it undefiled, in that miraculous English country whose magic (as Mr. Masefield so well knows) is in Shakespeare, and whose strong rhythm is in Hardy. But the virtue eludes all conscious inquisi-The man who seeks it feverishly sees riot where there is peace. And may it not be, in the long run, that Mr. Masefield would have done better not to delude himself into an identification he cannot feel, but rather to face his own disquiet where alone the artist can master it, in his consciousness? We will not presume to answer, mindful that Mr. Masefield may not recognize himself in our mirror, but we will content ourselves with recording our conviction that in spite of the almost heroic effort that has gone to its composition "Reynard the Fox" lacks all the qualities essential to durability.

On Tuesday next, at 3 o'clock, Professor G. Elliot Smith begins a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "The Evolution of Man, and the Early History of Civilization." On Saturday, the 31st, Sir Frank Watson Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, delivers the first of three lectures on the astronomical evidence bearing on Einstein's theory of gravitation; and on Thursday, February 5, Professor A. E. Conrady commences a course of two lectures on "Recent Progress in Applied Optics." The Friday evening discourse on January 30 will be delivered by Mr. S. G. Brown on "The Gyrostatic Compass," and on February 6, by Sir Walter Raleigh, on "Landor and the Classic Manner."

"PACEM APPELLANT"

The Economic Consequences of the Peace. By John Maynard Keynes, C.B. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

HIS book comes like a douche of bracing cold water after years of hysterical talk about making democracy safe, the war to end war, and the vindication of the principles of freedom and self-determination. It deals with facts, not with words and phantoms. Instead of concentrating themselves on rebuilding our broken civilization by giving serious attention to questions of coal, currency and credits, the Council of Four were preoccupied at Paris with unreal or with positively pernicious issues—

Clemenceau to crush the economic life of his enemy, Lloyd George to do a deal and bring home something which would pass muster for a week, the President to do nothing that was not just and right. Reparation was their main excursion into the economic field, and they settled it as a problem of theology, of politics, of electoral chicane, from every point of view except that of the economic future of the states whose destiny they were handling.

Mr. Keynes, a hard-headed but benevolent realist in a world run by an intolerable combination of lunacy and insincerity, exclaims at the "extraordinary fact that the fundamental economic problem of a Europe starving and disintegrating before their eyes was the one question in which it was impossible to arouse the interest of the Four." For him nothing matters in comparison with the facts that Europe's internal productivity has enormously fallen off, that the system of transport and exchange by means of which its products could be conveyed where they were most wanted has broken down, and that Europe is unable to purchase its usual supplies from overseas. Unless this situation is remedied, our civilization is doomed, and the terms of peace, so far from remedying, perpetuate it. treaty therefore must be drastically revised (there is hope here in the League of Nations), a reasonable indemnity must be fixed which Germany can be justly required to pay, the currencies of the world must be restored by an international loan, and communication must be reopened between Russia and Central Europe. In this remedial programme the most impressive, and to the general public the most novel, point is the explanation of the way in which inter-ally indebtedness and the indemnity question hang The two exacerbate each other, and form the centre of the vicious circle which makes a return to sane international relations impossible. Why did not the British Government last January publicly press cancellation of debts upon the American Government? The appeal, properly put, would have been difficult to resist. Mr. Keynes does not answer that question.

In the emotional pitch of his argument he has wisely chosen a middle course. He has resisted, if he ever felt it, the temptation to boom which usually besets the expression of righteous indignation; he knows that severe judgments are all the severer for being rapped out with tight lips, not thundered. Possibly they are even more effective when the indignation is left to be imagined; there is much virtue in understatement and in letting facts, artfully arranged, speak for themselves, especially in affairs that excite high passions. As it is, by drawing attention to the quality of the emotion which colours the almost mathematical cogency of his demonstration, Mr. Keynes will probably make many readers, who would not dispute his estimate either of the relative importance of the economic issues or of the disastrous handling they received at the Peace Conference, uneasily and perhaps not unreasonably aware of a certain inadequacy in his general outlook. They will pounce upon an in his general outlook, absence of atmosphere and background, which otherwise they might not have noticed. True, he is careful to fill in a background; but it is merely economic. Chapter II., on "Europe before the War," is devoted to bringing out the peculiar and exceptional character of the European economic system which had grown up between 1870 and

1914, and which, in spite of its inherent instability, we had come to take for granted as part of the order of nature. The analysis of this instability is one of the most brilliant things in the book; it contains deep strokes of observation on the psychology of the capitalist structure. But, if the highest significance was to be given to the almost dramatic form in which Mr. Keynes has clothed the argument, much more than this was required. In the ardour of his desire to bring the world back to hard facts, he speaks as if the tragedy had been prepared by the play of economic factors alone. Yet surely it is not so. It is at least equally a question of the blind movements of generations building up passionate illusions of nationality and domination. We can, for example, conceive a mind which, with the same intellectual equipment, but with its sensibility to historical and political experience otherwise organized, would have laid more emphasis on the reasons why it is so difficult to make the nations, whose average intelligence and morality is dimly reflected in the acts of statesmen, understand the paramount importance of such refractory topics as coal and currency and credits. Such a mind, pondering the slow biological development which has left these things in the realm of cold abstraction, stirring no depths in any heart, while it has made burning realities of frontiers and flags, would have pictured the statesmen as puppets moved for the most part subconsciously by centuries of tradition, Why is it that human society has failed to grow the necessary organs for understanding, with the kind of instinctive understanding from which action springs, that its treasure is laid up in the blessings of international exchange? Even a sketchy answer to this question might have brought the psychology of the drama more into accord with modern developments of psychology, both when the encounter of personalities in the council chamber is depicted (though Mr. Keynes' acuteness is here at its best, for all that he does not dig below the threshold of conciousness), and in the whole conception of the determining influence exercised by the politicians. As it is, Mr. Keynes, in diagnosing the disease which daily is making Europe more decrepit, produces at times the impression of an extremely clever but rather conservative doctor trying to explain the condition of a neurotic patient without any attempt to disentangle, except in one respect, his antenatal or even his infantile complexes.

We do not think that this line of criticism is altogether rebutted by pointing out that the book is concerned solely with the economic problem. If that were really so, Mr. Keynes would not have felt it necessary to give. not merely so much space, but so peculiar a weight to the inquiry how, in the first six months of 1919, the relative importance of the economic as opposed to the political issues came tragically to be reversed. That is not an economic inquiry at all, and he seems to us to embark on it because, being a man, a philosopher, and even an artist, he cannot but feel the need of a moral background. His device for getting this background, in so far as he does get it, is to relate our plight, not to the general trend of history, which we have just suggested as a possible alternative, but to one definite act of dishonour. It was never easy to approach the problems of the peace from the economic point of view, which yet was the only sane one; but any such approach was made impossible when the Prime Minister, to serve his private ambitions, decreed the general election of 1918, and in the course of the campaign committed the British delegation on the subject of indemnities. That commitment, dishonourable because it violated the undertaking on which the Germans had laid down their arms, rendered naught the President's good intentions, played into the hands of Clemenceau (by position and tradition the least fitted among the representatives of the Great Powers to take a broad view of the

European situation) and inevitably produced that entanglement of economic follies which is strangling Europe. This is the dramatic theme which artistically is the backbone of the book. Its key-words are unreality and insincerity, much as blood and darkness are the co-ordinating threads running through "Macbeth." The dominant note is struck at the beginning:

A sense of impending catastrophe overhung the frivolous scene; the futility and smallness of man before the great events confronting him; the mingled significance and unreality of the decisions; levity, blindness, insolence, confused cries from without—all the elements of ancient tragedy were there.

The plot unfolds from a single act of infatuate sin committed by one man between November 24 and 29, 1918—unless the party managers are to be held the more responsible. It is precisely here that the excessive simplification of this method is most apparent, for all its truth. The result is that the problems and characters stand out, with a quality that amuses rather than devastates us, like silhouettes on white paper, instead of emerging as solid creations against the muddled background of history. Still, as a method, this conception has immense advantages. It gives life and humanity to intricate technical discussions, it does away with false sentiment, and it avoids that vague droning about tendencies and forces to which the rhetoricians who will not call a spade a spade have too long accustomed us,

The reservations we have suggested are not of a kind. even if they are well-founded, to detract from the importance of the book. It is a perfectly equipped arsenal of facts and arguments, to which everyone will resort for years to come who wishes to strike a blow against the forces of prejudice, delusion and stupidity. It is not easy to make large numbers of men reasonable by a book, yet there are no limits to which, without undue extravagance, we may not hope that the influence of this book may extend, Coming at a moment of deadly need, it will be carried over the world by the reputation of its author as an economist of unquestioned competence, who advised the British Treasury throughout the war, was their official representative at the Peace Conference, and represented the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Paris on the Supreme Economic Council. That a writer thus qualified by first-hand practical experience of the inner councils of the governments should have publicly thrown his weight on the side of reason is an event of the highest promise aud moment. And never was the case for reasonableness more powerfully put, It is enforced with extraordinary art. What might easily have been a difficult treatise, semi-official or academic, proves to be as fascinating as a good novel: it has all the merits-the accuracy, the method, the well-considered arrangement-of the best kind of State Paper, with none of the shortcomings. We have tried to indicate its literary quality, but we have no space to do justice to its wit, which, it may be observed, has no tinge of the bitterness of the disappointed man of affairs, the affectation of the don, or the frigidity of the superior person.

The third of a series of lectures arranged by the Egypt Exploration Society will be given by Professor T. Eric Peet on Friday in this week at 8.30 p.m., in the rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House. The subject of the lecture will be "El Amarna, the City of Egypt's Heretic King." Tickets may be obtained gratis by application to the Secretary, Egypt Exploration Society, 13, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

The next lecture will be given by Mr. H. Idris Bell on

February 20 on "The Historical Value of Greek Papyri."

A NUMBER of important pieces of furniture lent by the
Duke of Abercorn have recently been placed on exhibition
in the Loan Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum. These

Duke of Abercorn have recently been placed on exhibition in the Loan Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum. These include a commode signed "Riesener" with elaborate ormoulu mounts, amid which is the monogram of Marie Antoinette; and a sideboard also inlaid with her monogram.

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THE FINAL DISILLUSION

Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War. By W. Trotter. Second Edition. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

7 HEN the first edition of Mr. Trotter's book was published, in 1916, it was considered by many of us to be one of those remarkable works which unify and illuminate a number of apparently disparate phenomena, and establish generalizations of the first importance. Subsequent experience and reflection have left this judgment intact; we are more conscious than before, however, of the need for detailed studies along the lines suggested by Mr. Trotter, while we have also witnessed. in the psychological character of Germany's collapse, an experimental verification, on a gigantic scale, of some of Mr. Trotter's contentions. These contentions, during the last three years, have achieved a kind of subterranean popularity, although usually in a distorted and truncated form. It is also apparent that they have met with considerable opposition, most of it being of the precise nature that Mr. Trotter's theory predicts. This opposition is, in essence, of precisely the same kind as that which greeted Copernicus and Darwin, for Mr. Trotter's fundamental sin is the same as theirs: he attacks the anthropocentric outlook. The theory of the Herd Instinct, as developed by Mr. Trotter, does in fact, from this point of view, carry on the work of the astronomer and the biologist. Mr. Trotter's purpose, in his own words, is to show that-

The endowment of instinct that man possesses is in every detail cognate with that of other animals, provides no element that is not fully represented elsewhere, and above all—however little the individual man may be inclined to admit it—is in no degree less vigorous and intense or less important in relation to feelings and activity than it is in related animals.

The implications of this statement are very far-reaching. A successful description of man's activities, including his moral code and his aspirations, in terms of instinctive processes allied to those of the other animals, must profoundly affect our views of man's probable destiny. We see human progress in a new light; the position of the goal is altered, and with it the direction of approach.

The attempt to describe man as an instinctive animal is not new, and, impressed by the failure of previous attempts, there are many who maintain that sociology is not, and cannot be, a science; that man is subject to true variety, and that psychology can furnish no generalizations which can be applied to actual conduct. The attempts of the older psychologists to account for man's behaviour in terms of the instincts of sex, self-preservation and nutrition involved, as Mr. Trotter says, such an amount of pulling and pushing of the facts that the later attempts reminded one of the ingenuity of the propagandist rather than of the insight of the man of science. Must one conclude, therefore, that man escapes scientific generalization, that his conduct cannot be assimilated to that of other animals? It is here that the original element in Mr. Trotter's theory emerges. He points out that the "solitary" man of the old psychologists is a pure fiction, that except as "asso-ciated" man we know nothing whatever about man. In other words, we must remember that man, considered biologically, is a gregarious animal, and it is the business of the psychologist to trace the psychological corollaries of gregariousness. Having given reason to suppose that gregariousness is, in fact, an instinct quite comparable with the three " primary " instincts in intensity, Mr. Trotter in the rest of his book is concerned with the psychological consequences of this fact. The general characteristics of the gregarious animal are analysed, and their mental counterparts deduced. Suggestibility, as a normal and constant condition, is shown to be a necessary consequence or accompaniment of gregariousness. The individual must

be extremely susceptible to the voice of the herd and resolutely deaf to voices from any other source. Mr. Trotter has no difficulty in showing that the great bulk of man's beliefs originate in this way. Most of his opinion is strictly non-rational opinion, but such opinion invariably has a strong herd backing. This is particularly noticeable in all opinions where passion is strongly engaged. On all matters that man takes seriously it is more important for him to be certain than to know. The unanimous decree of the herd confers the greatest degree of certitude. His suggestibility to the voice of the herd is so strong that he can, for a very long time, ignore experience where experience conflicts with herd suggestion. This suggestibility permeates every department of his mental and emotional life. Of course, that great mass of opinion which is the product of herd suggestion does not reveal itself as such. The individual invariably rationalizes his beliefs and firmly believes that he accepts them on their rational grounds. Thus beliefs in morality, religion, politics and what not, which are products merely of herd suggestion, are always supported by arguments which appear conclusive to the individual himself, but appear completely groundless to those who have been subjected to a different series of herd suggestions. The important thing is to notice that there are no marks attaching to truly rational opinions which distinguish them, to introspection, from opinions produced by herd suggestion. Several examples of the mechanism of rationalization are given by Mr. Trotter. What he calls the "pseudo-sciences of political economy and ethics" are examples of the process on a large scale:

Both of these are occupied in deriving from eternal principles justifications for masses of non-rational belief which are assumed to be permanent merely because they exist. Hence the notorious acrobatic feats of both in the face of any considerable variation in herd belief.

But, as he points out, herd suggestion does not always act in a direction opposed to verifiable truths. The present student of biology, for instance, finds that the class he most respects, and which has therefore acquired "suggestionizing" power with him, accepts the principles, say, of Darwinism. These principles therefore acquire the force of herd suggestion with him and induce belief. Mr. Trotter considers that in every case a proposition, true or false, is accepted by suggestion.

The part played by the gregarious instinct in the region of intellect is matched by the part it plays in feeling. Altruism is a direct outcome of gregariousness, as are conscience and religion. The application of these con siderations to the problems of actual conduct is a very valuable feature of the book. The present state of our society, its advantages and disadvantages, the origin and function of the different types of individuals who constitute it, are all illuminated in a remarkable way. Very interesting conclusions, also, are drawn as to the probable future of man. It must be admitted that these conclusions are not very optimistic, but it is difficult to say they are not warranted. It is impossible, within the limits of our space, to give an account of these and other matters dealt with by Mr. Trotter. The most extraordinary feature of the book is the manner in which it unifies the mental and emotional life of man. We are placed, as it were, in a centre from which it is possible to view and comprehend the whole. The method is frankly speculative. Mr. Trotter points out the directions in which further evidence is to be sought. It is, of course, possible that such evidence may necessitate modifications in the general theory. We are persuaded that much of it, however, will stand-sufficient to justify us in describing the book as the most remarkable exposition of man's place in nature which has appeared for many years. J. W. N. S.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AT THE BALLPLATZ

IN THE WORLD WAR. By Count Ottokar Czernin. (Cassell, 25s. net.)

OW that the long-awaited moment has come when the diplomatists are beginning like cinema kings to "release" each as many feet of secret history as he judges his reputation will bear, these extracts from Count Czernin's diaries and notebooks will doubtless be pounced upon by hopeful students who are seeking to solve the riddles of the war. We doubt if they will learn very much that they did not (if they were intelligent onlookers) guess for themselves long before, but if they are interested at all in psychology they have here a first-class document humain.

Few dramatists, we believe, could have given such a finished portrait of the diplomat of the ancient *régime* as emerges from the pages of these memoirs. A polished and amused observer, Count Czernin strolls through the scenes of the great catastrophe with scarcely a trace of emotion, hope or conviction. "There is neither happiness nor unhappiness in mortal life," he remarks, "but only a difference in the strength to endure one's fate." His philosophy is this aristocratic stoicism; political ideals and enthusiasms carry no meaning to him.

The Monarchists who derive benefit from their attachment to the reigning monarch deceive themselves as to their true feelings. They are Monarchists because they consider that form of government the most satisfactory one. The Republicans, who apparently glorify the majesty of the people, really mean themselves.

So he sums up the issues, and it does not seem to be personal ambition that fills the void thus made by political scepticism. After analysing, in a letter to a friend, the various elements that intrigue against him at his sovereign's Court, he concludes: "In any case then my days are numbered. Heaven be thanked!"

It is to this entire detachment that we owe the little portrait-medallions of his colleagues and contemporaries, each one a gem of satire, with which the book is so plentifully adorned. The German Emperor, "had he been an ordinary mortal, would certainly have become a very competent officer, architect, engineer, or politician, but his intelligence and good intentions were swamped in the torrent of flattery that poured-not from the Court so much as from the professors. It was the same on the whole with the Emperor Charles. "I saw the people on their knees with uplifted hands as though worshipping a divinity." Yet how did Charles leave the country a few months later? Of the German Crown Prince, whom he met after a couple of years' campaigning, he records that "in a long conversation that I had with him he showed me very clearly that he-if he had ever been of a warlike nature—was then a pronounced pacifist.' When Ludendorff declines to take part in the Brest negotiations on the ground that "he would only spoil things if he did," the entry in the diary runs: "Heaven send the man such gleams of insight again and often! "The only difference between Foch and Ludendorff," we read in another place, " is that the one is a Frenchman, the other a German. As men they are as alike as two peas." Here is the whole of Tisza's intellect in a sentence: He would rather have let the whole world be ruined than give up Transylvania; but he took no interest whatever in the Tyrol." Sometimes the shafts transfix a whole people. In Roumania since the abolition of titles "it is safer to adopt the plan of addressing everyone as 'Mon Prince.'" Or we get a page from the diplomatist's manual of ethics: "To be for ever dallying with the idea of treachery and adopting the pose without carrying it out in reality—this I cannot regard as prudent policy.

The following trait of militarism on the Western front is imperturbably set down: "Poincaré's villa is visible on the horizon in the green landscape. A gun has been brought to bear on the house—they mean to destroy it before leaving—they call this the extreme unction."

Czernin was called by his rivals a "dilettante." This was not fair. He served his Government with steady loyalty, as a traveller serves his firm, or a journalist his paper. But his conviction that the firm was bankrupt he did not seek to disguise, at least from himself. He was not of those ministers who promise to do the impossible. The pupil and protégé of Franz Ferdinand, he saw that the last hope of maintaining the Monarchy was to offer its Slavs satisfaction—if they would take it. But he thought it doubtful if they would. The decline of the Empire where he was employed had begun long ago (the fifth century of our era would not be a bad date to choose for its beginning), and the nineteenth century, when the "principle of nationalities" became self-conscious, had quickened the disease to a galloping pace. "Austria-Hungary's watch had run down" is Czernin's verdict, and we do not feel that a tear has blotted his manuscript.

As Foreign Minister he showed the same chilly lucidity. He owed his elevation largely to the accuracy with which in his dispatches from Bucharest he foretold the secession of Roumania to the enemy, and, once placed in control at Vienna, he began to seek means whereby the triumphing Central Powers might purchase a not too dishonourable peace. He had been horrified at the outbreak of the war so clumsily prepared, and he saw through the U-boat delusion with perspicacity. He also knew that he would not get the peace he wanted, and why. There were four factors he could not hope to neutralize: the resolve of England to have done with the German menace, the resolve of Italy not to let her allies repent at leisure of the hasty London Pact, the resolve of the Magyars to yield no inch of their vantage ground, and the resolve of the German generals to play at diplomacy. As for the idea of leaving Germany to her doom and joining the Entente, it was beneath discussion; besides, it could not be brought off successfully. So there was nothing for it but a shrug of the shoulders. When the Brest-Litovsk conference revealed the prostration of Russia, even the prudent Kühlmann allowed himself to be carried away. Ils n'ont que le choix à quelle sauce ils se feront manger!" he cried. "Tout comme chez nous." said his Austrian colleague calmly.

Sometimes, strange as it may seem, this most clearsighted of diplomatists has glimpses of a different order of facts. Faint and few they are, but unmistakable. On Roumania's declaration of war, he was detained in Bucharest during a Zeppelin raid. He enjoys it no more than any other man, and as, in the relief of the dawn, he hears a child crying, the queerest of fancies takes possession of him. Does not a war like this cause a good deal of suffering? Again, wandering through the streets of Brest on an unoccupied afternoon, he finds an old Jew weeping in the gutter. He asks what is wrong, and hears an extraordinary story. The old man has had his house burnt, and has been robbed and flogged, first by the Cossacks and then by the German soldiery. These then, the statesman reflects, are the tragedies that go on beneath the surface of civilization-in the twentieth century, in our Europe, in the middle, too, of the greatest war that human annals can show! Appalled, he empties the contents of his pockets into the hand of this victim of chance, gives him his card, and promises to do everything in his power to make him as happy as his fellows again. Then, glancing at his watch, he hurries away. It is time to get on with the peace, the peace that will free the German forces for the West. It sounds incredible, but it is in the book.

Tussaud. (Odhams. 21s. net.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE REAL

MRS. JARLEY.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S By John Theodore

old niece, Marie Grosholtz. He had done so well himself

in the French capital that he meant to train the child in

his own profession. His benevolent thought was singularly

rewarded, for the girl proved a pupil who swiftly excelled

her master. There was witchery in the tips of her supple

fingers; they could coax the wax to forsake its cadaverous

tinge and bloom more daintily than living flesh. Each

figure she made was instinct with fairy-like life, and

haunted undeniably by a soul. The spirit of the old

court-painters seemed to have touched her, the grace of

Lancret, the pensive mind of Watteau. On the rouged

and powdered beauties of her epoch she conferred just

the immortality they sighed for, an eternal youth of

delusively tempting charms. Thus she grew to womanhood

in her uncle's studio, the rendezvous of all the great Liberal

thinkers, where Benjamin Franklin sat stolidly for his

effigy; where Lafayette and Mirabeau spouted their politics, and Voltaire purloined the ideas of Rousseau as

he uttered them. She did not bestow much notice on

their debates, but they took good notice of the handsome

girl, with her royal head and proudly-curved, dominant

nose, and prophesied that she had a destiny. One day it

Madame Elizabeth, who thus entered her life, was

a strenuous Princess and a woman of varied accomplish-

ments. As soon as she saw the work of Marie Grosholtz

she was convinced that she ought to learn modelling

herself, and take her pretty professor to live with her.

Dr. Curtius would not oppose his niece's promotion, but,

when she had gone, he altered his arrangements. He

resolved to keep his Palais Royal Museum for scenes

depicting court life and fashionable events, while he

opened a second show in the Boulevard du Temple, where

he ranged the busts of the coming men in politics, and tentatively made a plan for a Chamber of Horrors. The

details, he felt, he might leave for time to fill in. His niece,

meanwhile, was extremely happy at Court. She taught

the great ladies to model flowers and fruit, and made group

life went on till 1789, when a peremptory recall arrived

from Curtius. There was nothing for it but a tearful

leavetaking, of the gracious Queen and beloved Madame

Elizabeth, of Mesdames de Polignac, and the Princess de Lamballe. She reassured those she was forced to

disappoint. But certainly she would keep her promises

to them! But, of course, she would model all their heads

she learned that the Palais Royal Exhibition was closed.

She wondered, and then her eyes were rudely opened.

On July 12 a mob foamed up to the doors, and demanded

from Curtius the busts of two popular favourites:

"Egalité" d'Orléans and the banished Minister Necker.

These they carried aloft by torchlight, swathed in crape, till

the Prince de Lambesc's dragoons charged down upon

them, when the figure of M. Necker was sliced in two, and

that of d'Orléans splashed with the blood of its bearer.

But this charge did not stop the march of the Revolution,

nor even the march of these restless waxen figures, which

that what modelling had to be done was left to his niece.

The leading men of the Revolutionary Government (who

had dined so often at the Doctor's house) had imbibed

But Curtius was soon absorbed in national service, so

knew they had still a long journey to perform.

Travelling back to the Boulevard du Temple,

after group to be shown at her uncle's establishment.

knocked at the door, and proved-the King's sister!

N 1766 Dr. Christopher Curtius, established in Paris

as a modeller in wax, paid a visit to his family home

in Berne, and returned bringing with him his six-year-

a faith in propaganda by waxwork. So Marie now found

herself forced to keep old promises: she modelled the heads

of her aristocratic patrons, as they were brought to her

fresh from the knife of the guillotine. It was not always

her own friends that passed in this nightmare defile;

sometimes, when the cloth was removed from the oozing

relic, it was . . . one of those diners at her uncle's table.

But, whatever the pressure put on her by authority, she

-and sometimes she served her employers best this way.

When they brought her to view Charlotte Corday's horrid

butcher-work, she protested (loyal little White that she

was) that "the cadaverous aspect of the fiend" made her

ill. But the spirit that guided those fingers had no politics,

and her Jean Paul Marat, lying in his bath, is the sleeping martyr of the Revolution. It is the fit companion of her other masterpiece, the pale, lovely mask of Marie Antoinette,

with the crimson drop where the patch of beauty once

Between 1789 and 1802 Marie Grosholtz lost her uncle

and a husband, and acquired her historic name of Madame

Tussaud. She also had her share of internment as "suspect." At last, when the Peace of Amiens was signed,

she was free of entanglements and ready to fly. Once

again the restless wax figures prepared to march; their

mistress directed them to the shores of Albion. There was

only one thing lacking to her Hegira: she ought to have

brought the Dauphin concealed in her cases! She was

now a shrewd, buxom woman of 42, sufficiently hardened

against all blows of destiny. For many years her show

travelled up and down England, and from the pompous

language of her bills and announcements we see where

Dickens (libeller that he was!) derived his inspiration for

Mrs. Jarley. At Bristol, one Sunday in 1831, she found

that ces Anglais were having their own Revolution; but

how should a Reform Bill riot unnerve this woman, who had

lived at the very heart of the Reign of Terror? She posted

her negro servant with a blunderbuss to guard the building

against incendiaries, then gave the familiar order for

transportation to the patient companions of her pilgrimage,

who suffered themselves to be borne out into the square,

where, mixed in the ranks of the panic-struck inhabitants,

they surveyed with their changeless smile the blazing city.

At length these wanderers came to rest in London, in the house with the squat, yellow columns in Baker Street. But Madame Tussaud would still be at her witchery;

as though drawn by the magnet of her invisible magic, all

the objects with which she had been ever so faintly

associated in the days when she lived amid the historical

turmoil began to collect in her exhibition rooms. Hither

came, among many relics of minor importance, the knife

and the posts of the Revolutionary guillotine, and the

travelling-coach of the Emperor Napoleon, who had shown

her some slight kindness during his Consulate, remembering

she had shared a prison with Josephine. In these tranquil

days, as she drew on into longevity, while her waxen progeny

increased and multiplied, she presented the figure by which

she is known to millions, the little old lady in the black

poke bonnet, with great spectacles garnishing the gaunt,

dominant nose. At night, when the last sightseer had long

departed, she would traverse the silent halls with her

wavering candle, in wordless maternal colloquy with their

denizens, and linger beside the "Sleeping Beauty,"

St. Amaranthe, the fairest of all her cut flowers from

Samson's basket, whose muslin bosom stirs with tremulous

breath. One night she did not come to bed at all, and

in the morning they found her at the head of this figure.

They could not move her, so she stands there still

At least, it is very hard to believe she does not !

a study of these two busts may be recommended.

To those who still say there is no art in waxwork

would never prostitute her art to mere horror.

Thought and affliction, passion, Hell itself, She turns to favour, and to prettiness;

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She left "Two Swords" a great British institution, which rivalled Westminster Abbey and the Tower, and put St. Paul's Cathedral out of the running. Its later history, as her great-grandson tells it, is a comedy with a pure Victorian flavour. The long procession of excited royalty is diversified by visitors scarcely credible-the coloursergeant of the U.S.A. Army who thought that by carrying the Stars and Stripes through England he would bring about an Anglo-Saxon entente, and a luckless bastard of Napoleon, who had inherited nothing but his father's features, and must have sighed for a job as a waxwork himself. There is also the rich political burlesque of Beaconsfield and the Turnerelli gold-wreath, a worthy subject for Mr. Lytton Strachey. But, of course, what normally constituted readers will ask for is some eerie tale about the Chamber of Horrors. M. Tussaud obliges them. He was passing along its corridors one night, when . , . he rubbed his eyes, but the fact could not be denied! . . . he saw the figure of a gigantic criminal begin to heave, as with birth-throes à la Frankenstein. Then slowly it turned on its master, and crouched for a spring! What happened next M. Tussaud does not tell us, but this is his way of accounting for the business:

The vibration caused by a heavy goods train on the Metropolitan Railway, which runs under the Exhibition premises, had shaken the figure off its balance, and the iron which fastened it to the floor permitted it to move and lean forward in the uncanny manner I have described.

'Tis great sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard, and, for ourselves, we believe M. Tussaud is only respited. As regards his singularly lame "explanation," we invite him to carry that to the Marines. D. L. M.

X = ?

LETTERS TO X FROM H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Constable. 6s. net.)

T is evident that Mr. Massingham is at home among books; it is not so clear that he is at home anywhere else. One of these letters (XXXI., "Arcadia") deals chiefly with what befell him on an occasion when he ventured away from them. He would have us terrified; but he is more terrifying than he means to be. He portrays a landscape with the evident intention of conveying to us his admiration for it; the effect is extremely depressing in its conventionality. And when from the countryside he passes to its inhabitants, whom he describes as greedy, dishonest, sottish or lecherous, we feel that, though they may have been all these things—which are not peculiar to rustics—there is perhaps nothing in them so dangerous as the frightened incomprehension with which he regards them. It is not till he is once more among his books that he takes heart, and looks round him for a remedy. Need it be said that this remedy is-not a more sympathetic attitude towards human distress, vice, and folly, but-more books for Hodge? Well, more books for him by all means: but as a cordial draught rather than an improving purge. This adventure and its implications point a moral for the reader of the "Letters to X"; he will expect to find Mr. Massingham happiest where books are thickest. ".... My books, ranged round the room like the wall of the enclosed garden of the Romant de la Rose, are a shield against a pitchy, clamorous outside." . . . (Letter XVIII., " More Old Books ").

We may pause here to look for the value of "X." Mr. Massingham refuses to waste his time defining and expounding it, but acknowledges it to be "an excuse for discharging" "a series of undress reflections about English literature old and new." An excuse may be good or bad, however, and to relegate it, as Mr. Massingham does, to the coast of Coromandel, is to leave its character in this respect unaltered. Without visiting the coast of

Coromandel, we may obtain some information about "X" from references in the letters. It (for it does not appear that "X" has a valid claim to definite gender) is not subject to the laws of gravity (Letter XXII.), does not read novels, travel in Tubes, nor eat grape-nuts (Letter XXVI.); on the other hand, it "peers over the rim" of the coast of Coromandel, to "let down the subtile hook "of its" curiosity into our so enigmatic vortex" (Letter VI.). A suspicion that "X" is no more a positive quantity to Mr. Massingham than it is to the reader grows more inveterate with every reference.

It may appear absurd to stress the point. "X" is a fiction, Mr. Massingham acknowledges it to be so from the first; why trouble then to inquire further? In answering, we should like to ask whether Mr. Massingham would agree that a fiction belongs to a world as absolutely ruled by law as the physical universe; that the who acquires power there, though he cause the sun to stand still and the moon to float down upon its mountain-tops, does so through his control, not in defiance, of its laws. If this be admitted, the relevance of our preliminary investigation becomes evident, and it will be worth while inquiring further what happens when a writer who has a good deal to say addresses his remarks to something in which he does not believe.

When writing to our friend the classical don, we may find it convenient to verify our little quotation from Terence; such metaphors as overtones or symphony flow less glibly from our pen if our correspondent is a musician; and should it ever fall to our lot to write a letter to Mr. Massingham, we should not feel safe unless all the volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" were within easy reach. And more generally, the personality and critical faculty of our correspondent exercise a rest ining influence of some force on ou style. But "X," we fel, can have to such chastening effect, being incapable of self-assertion; and anyhow, Coromandel is a long way off. So Mr. Massingham, who has scholarship, who has ideas, discrimination, strong opinions, strong feelings even, but little effective power of self-criticism, has removed a necessary safeguard by placing the tenuous but non-conductive "X" between himself and his public. The result impresses one as a waste of good material. The thoughts come down in spate and are lost in the sands, and one wonders how so promising a volume of matter and sound should produce so little refreshment.

Despite the defects implied in these general considerations, the book contains many excellences of detail, and reaches at times and maintains for a while a level notably above its average. Perspective is perhaps Mr. Massingham's outstanding quality. He is at his best when placing his subject in its historical setting, especially when his theme is one which, like journalism, or modern novels, or the recrudescence of mysticism in literature arouses in him strong sympathy or stronger antivathy. His judgments on modern literature coincide so closely with our own that it might appear immodest to tell how strikingly sound they appear to us to be. But skirting this delicate ground, one may point to his characterization of James Elroy Flecker (Letter XXXIII., "A Pilgrim who stopped Half-way") as a real help to the literary-historical uncerstanding of a poet whom one is in danger of under estimating, or of overestimating by reaction. Another reinterpretation that appears fresh and illuminating is that of Addison(Letters VIII.-IX.). One is grateful for many of the quotations in the book,—from Vaughan, for instance; and from John Banister Tabb, an American poet whose work one wishes rather urgently to know better, after reading the extracts here given (Letter XXXV., " An Image-Maker").

F. W. S.

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TRAGEDY AND THE MELO-DRAMATIST

THE BOLSHEVIK ADVENTURE. By John Pollock. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

GREAT number of books written in English on the Russian revolution are very emotional, but devoid of political science, ideas, insight, common sense, and chiefly of simple, clear facts. In order that those who desire to read a narrative of facts, or an unbiased explanation of the events in Russia, should know which book to read and how far its author is reliable, we would suggest that writers of books on the revolution should insert a few autobiographical notes answering the following questions: (1) By what means, and through what influences, did the author manage to get into Russia? (2) In what capacity did he go thereas one eager to study and see for himself what was going on in Russia, or as a journalist, or as an expert eyewitness, or as a saviour of Russia? (The last species is the most prolific.) (3) What were his means of subsistence when there-did he live on his income, or had he to earn his living (say, by writing for the English press), or was he wholly or partly engaged in some kind of propaganda work? (4) With what class or group of Russian society is he connected, and with whom are his sympathies?

Thus the reader would know beforehand whether a book on the Russian revolution is at all worth reading, and if read, whether it can be relied upon, and to what extent the partiality, prejudices or sympathies of the author could be ignored. Unfortunately, hitherto we have had books on the Russian revolution not by chroniclers of events, nor by journalists, nor even by disinterested eyewitnesses: they have been the books of self-appointed ambassadors, of saviours of Russia and the world.

Yet those who have written and are writing on the Russian revolution are tremendously important. To us who were hungry for authentic and definite news, anxious about the complicated events in Russia, living from morning papers to afternoon papers, and from afternoon papers to late editions, it seemed that the destinies of Russia rested in the hands of those who supplied the European press with communications from Russia. From the very beginning of the revolution we witnessed the danse macabre of the English reactionary press, reducing the whole Russian revolution to a German plot, and calling Russian revolutionaries murderers, thieves, swindlers, agents-provocateurs. And with the Bolsheviks settled in power we heard with bewilderment, on the other side, a part of the Radical press celebrating the profound statecraft of the Bolsheviks, and rejoicing in the disappearance of prostitutes from the streets of Moscow. And the more we gasped for news, real, true, actual news, the more important became those who supplied it from Russia to the English press. But instead of news and facts we had manifestoes and prophecies. While tragedy was being enacted in Russia, here we heard only the jarring music of political organ-grinders.

Let us see what is Mr. John Pollock's attitude towards Russia. According to him the Bolsheviks are all paid German agents, ruining Russia merely in the interests of Germany. Besides his own enlightened authority for that categorical statement, he cites also that of Mr. Sisson's "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy." But the Bolsheviks are not the sole agents of Germany. Of Kerensky, "that ill-starred juggler," Mr. Pollock says:

Towards Russia and her allies his attitude, in relation to the Bolsheviks, was that of a decoy who whistles in front of his victim for the actual assassin to come behind and deal the deadly stroke.

And further:

For this estimate of Kerensky there is one fact that is not taken into account. It has been remarked that when Lenin was under sentence of arrest, all the efforts of Kerensky did not succeed in finding him; now that Kerensky is under sentence of arrest by Lenin, not all the latter's million hounds can unearth the vanished Premier. There are not found wanting those who draw the inference that a closer bond unites the two leaders than either would publicly admit, and that, serving the same masters, neither could afford to hand over the other to justice.

Thus Mr. Pollock writes history.

With American policy towards Russia Mr. Pollock has a violent quarrel. He quotes a Russian official saying of the American Red Cross: "So far as we know, with the exception of distributing condensed milk, they [the Americans] have done absolutely nothing here but political intrigue." And again:

The American public can hardly have grasped the fact that the war was going on all the time in Russia, and that the Bolshevik regime was nothing but a German barrage; had they done so, they could not have calmly accepted a policy that has cost them the sympathy of the entire upper class in Russia.

Yes, "the entire upper class" is Mr. Pollock's chief concern throughout his book. Everything else in Russia is anathema, to be damned in eternity. At the beginning of his book he even has a prayer or incantation: "... Even so now should every British citizen and every honest thinking man begin and end his day, begin and end every important piece of business, with the words, Down with the Bolsheviks!" Everybody in Russia (outside "the entire upper class")—the Bolsheviks, the peasants, the workmen, the Jews—is to be damned. Especially the Jews. The Jews! The book is full of them, all sorts and kinds of Jews, beginning with the "Neo-Israelitish government" of Russia, and finishing with "our Hebrew acquaintances searching one another's heads for lice." There are so many Jews in the "Bolshevik Adventure" that in reading the book one has the impression that Mr. Pollock uses Russia as a misnomer for Jewry.

Mr. Pollock proves to be a terrible scandal-monger. Of Marie Andreeva Gorky he writes:

Marie Andreeva, the Petrograd commissar of theatres, made two millions out of the transport of some trucks of fish from Saratov This Andreeva, who was a second-rate actress at the Art Theatre in Moscow, is Maxim Gorky's "civil" wife [sic]. She now has her exclusive motor-car, dresses exquisitely in days when the simplest costume costs a thousand roubles, and travels in a special coach, taking her own cook with her for the journey.

Mr. Pollock manages to get so much into a few sentences Of Gorky himself Mr. Pollock writes thus:

His special pet is the Publication Commission . . . at the head of the first list Gorky inscribed thirty of his own works. The Publication Commission is in reality to a large extent an engine for distributing hush money to literary persons who might on the quiet foment opinion against the Bolsheviks.

Thus, according to the insinuation of Mr. Pollock, the "friend" of Russia, not only is Gorky a venal person, but all Russian "literary persons" can be bought. No, Mr. Pollock may tell his scandalous tales about others; but he must leave Maxim Gorky alone. An ocean of venomous ink could not stain his name.

It is said that diplomats must perforce employ the subtle art of not exactly telling the truth. We understand this, we excuse it, we even justify it—on grounds of State necessity. But why should self-proclaimed diplomats, self-appointed ambassadors, self-anointed "saviours" of Russia use that subtle art? Where, is the need for it now? Moreover, we fear that the subtle art that has been so intensely and extensively exercised in the production of English books on the Russian revolution will have a very unpleasant reaction. When disinterested and sincere books come to be written by disinterested and sincere men, they will find no publisher: no market can endure a "boom" in perpetuo.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE Allen collection of manuscripts and early printed books, which is to be sold with some others by Messrs. Sotheby on the 30th instant, is one of a somewhat unusual character. It was formed with the idea of getting together classical manuscripts and early editions at a time when every library of any size prided itself on a complete collection of the Greek and Latin authors. The greater part of the manuscripts collected by Mr. Allen consist of copies made in Italy by professional scribes during the early part of the fifteenth century, just before the invention of printing, under conditions which have been pictured to modern readers by Charles Reade in "The Cloister and the Hearth." The value of any of these manuscripts, apart from the question as to whether they are illuminated or no, depends on a number of considerations. They are nearly always fine examples of calligraphy, Latin or Greek, so that the purchaser has a good model for imitation, and indeed many of our best types derive mediately or immediately from manuscripts of this age; though the Greek sometimes suffers greatly from an enormous number of con-They are as valuable always for textual criticism as printed first editions of the classics, which were set up from copies such as these. In many cases, depending on the fortune of the copyist, these fifteenth-century codices may preserve for us the tradition of manuscript copies now lost; and, indeed, some of our received texts have no earlier authority. Thus, on glancing through the list we observe two plays of Aristophanes in a late fourteenth-century hand, which must be contemporary with the earliest text we have, and thus may be useful for the criticism of the "Plutus" and the "Nubes." A 1443 Cæsar, complete, is an early authority for the African and Spanish wars. A Cornelius Nepos might also be of value, though his text presents little difficulty; but an early tenth-century codex of Horace, with some other poems, may quite conceivably be of great importance. A Sextus Julius Frontinus is another author whose text depends on few and late manuscripts, while a fifteenthcentury Martial is also attractive. A Plautus MS. claims, if the catalogue is read aright, to be of a very early tradition; and there is a thirteenth-century Priscian from the library of Lorenzo de' Medici, as also a fine Sallust manuscript and a Seneca. Of course these are only possibilities, but the chance of obtaining a good new text should be a temptation to some of our patrons of learning. The collection contains many books in their original binding and a fine illuminated Livy, which should fetch a high price. As showing the difference of tastes, there are no fewer than thirty-eight Cicero manuscripts in a collection of 115 books and manuscripts together.

The other properties in the sale include a fourteenth-century "Pricke of Conscience," by Richard Rolle; a fourteenth-century Valerius Maximus, with interesting illuminations and borders; some Bibles and Hours, several of them fine examples of the best French work; a thirteenth-century Vegetius, old enough to be important textually; and a fine manuscript on the Toison d'Or, of great historic interest, with portraits of Charles the Bold, Maximilian, and Philip, which was exhibited at Bruges in 1907. The illustrated catalogue (3s. 6d: net) contains a reproduction of the Charles portrait, which is admittedly the best in existence.

"DISCOVERY"

The first number of *Discovery* (Murray, 6d. net) is attractively printed and produced, the articles are informative and well-written, and yet it does not wholly fulfil our expectations. We may be singular in this respect, but we trace the source of our discontent to the fact that three out of the seven articles in this number are concerned with special questions arising out of the war. It is not that these questions are not important, but that they are not of sufficient general importance. We should like to see treated more particularly those questions which have long and deep ramifications, where we can get the broadest outlook for our money, as it were. We have nothing but praise for the articles in themselves; we suggest, however, that "topical" interest has been given a little too much weight in making up the number. We mention this because we think that *Discovery* has a unique opportunity of providing what so many people want to-day: a general survey of leading ideas in each department of knowledge.

Science PSYCHOLOGICAL PARLOURGAMES

N the tendency of its speculations, no less than in its current artistic values, the Twentieth Century more and more reveals itself as an age of passionate introversion. That shifting of the focuses of our curiosity from the outer mystery of reality to the inner mystery of consciousness, which began perhaps with Kant, and has continued steadily for some 150 years, seems now almost complete. For our generation, experimental psychology in many forms challenges the traditional primacy of metaphysics among the playgrounds of speculation. A few of us may still marshal ghostly embattled systems against the obstinate reticence of things; but recent metaphysicians have somehow lacked the large arrogance, the richness and amplitude of conception, which distinguished the great system-builders. In their place we have the growing band of psychologists and psychical researchers, hypnotists, psycho-analysts and what not, who, in despair of forcing the front gates of Truth, are tampering with the locks of the back entrances, peering through chinks in the shutters of certain disused cellars or lumber-rooms, and even (if they are good Freudians) enthusiastically investigating the possibility of ingress by way of the

The new game has its advantages over the old. It may-and does, if it is to be properly played-tax no less severely the intelligence, the imaginative resource, the patience of the player; but it does not demand the same long specialized training. Its subject-matter is individual and concrete; its methods are the methods made familiar by the natural sciences; its vocabulary is not as yet too heavily encrusted with technicalities. It does not start at the top of the pyramid from a limited number of general notions, but at the bottom from a mass of gradually accumulating observations. There is an enormous amount of simple experimental work to be done-much of it work to which anybody who is possessed of leisure and patience can contribute without stirring from his arm-chair. This last consideration induces the writer to suggest a few parlour experiments of an innocuous nature and requiring little or no apparatus, which at the worst will serve to pass a winter's evening for the experimenter, and may in certain cases open up valuable sources of information for the psychologist.

(1) Some knowledge of the singular group of mental phenomena which we class as hypnotic has by now filtered through from the psychological laboratories and psychiatric clinics to the general public. But many people whose curiosity has been aroused are deterred from attempting a first-hand acquaintance with the condition in question, either by the lack of a skilled operator or by a very natural reluctance to subject their personalities to what seems the unchecked dictation of another's will. To such, the following little experiment is recommended. Sit in a room by yourself, in an easy and relaxed pose, and fix your eyes on any small, bright object-a silver pencil will serve-held in such a position as to induce a slight upward and inward squint. At the same time repeat to yourself rapidly and unceasingly, in a rhythmic sing-song, some unvarying verbal formula, it matters not what. When the eyes are tired let them close; but continue the monotonous repetition of your phrase, allowing the sound to dominate consciousness to the exclusion of all other material. When you have kept this up for twenty minutes or more, try suggesting to yourself that your eyelids are pressed down by heavy weights, or that you cannot lift

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your hand from your knee. If the suggestion takes effect, you can obliterate it by subsequent vigorous countersuggestion. The verification and gradual extension of trivial-seeming experiments of this type-the actual form may be varied indefinitely—and a close introspective study of the mental processes involved are at present badly needed, as they may have an important bearing on the still unsolved problem of the nature of hypnotic states in general. A good many years ago Dr. Hugh Wingfield, a Demonstrator in Physiology at Cambridge, discovered that some 80 per cent. of a class of Cambridge undergraduates could throw themselves by self-suggestion into a condition of cataleptic rigidity and out of it again; and the experiments recorded by Fahnestock and one or two others indicate that in good subjects most, if not all, of the phenomena of hypnotism may be obtained without an hypnotist. But in that case what becomes of the widely accepted view which finds the characteristic differentiæ of hypnosis in a special "rapport" established between operator and subject, and the complete loss of volition on the part of the latter? It would seem that neither the practical possibilities nor the theoretical significance of self-hypnosis have yet received the attention they merit-a circumstance which one is tempted to attribute to the subconscious bias of the professional hypnotist (who writes all the text-books) against any infringement of his patent.

(2) Somewhat akin to self-hypnosis is the remarkable mental state which the poet Tennyson used to produce in himself by concentration on his own name. He has left a description of it in some well-known lines of "The Ancient Sage." Elsewhere he speaks of it as "a kind of waking trance," in which "all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if such it were) seeming no extinction but the only True Life." Is this the "ecstasy" of Plotinus and Porphyry, or merely an extreme case of that peculiar "sensation d'étrangeté " which, as the Polish psychologist Abramowski has recently shown, is induced in many people by monotonous repetition of a name? The words of "The Ancient

Sage,"

I touched my limbs, the limbs Were strange, not mine,

rather suggest the latter explanation. But it would be interesting to know whether there are others who can procure themselves such a state of consciousness as this of Tennyson's by the use of the same simple means.

(3) We want a much more extended study than has yet been undertaken of the ordinary functioning of the subconscious in ordinary people. The provoking ambiguity of the evidence for survival obtained by the Society for Psychical Research in recent years through various automatists is largely due to our ignorance of the machinery, the sources and the limitations of subliminal production. To distinguish with certainty residual phenomena, if such there be, from the mass of normal automatic products, we must know much more about the normal than we do at present. Therefore it is to be desired that as many people as possible should interrogate their subliminals by means of one or other of the various "autoscopes" table-tilting, automatic writing with or without planchette, the ouija board and the crystal-and should keep a full record of the results. Provided they are approached with ordinary common sense and in a detached temper, these investigations need involve not the slightest danger to bodily or mental health. Only in the case of automatic writing is a special caution necessary. Any attempt on

the part of the subliminal to gain the upper hand by creating a craving to write should be at once resisted, and the practice abandoned. There is no instance, so far as the writer knows, of the development of such a craving in connection with any of the other autoscopes; and they are to be preferred on this account. For most people the ouija-board seems to be the easiest to operate. All that is needed for its construction is an alphabet cut out in cardboard and spread on a table, a sheet of glass laid on top of the alphabet, and a thin light piece of polished wood as indicator. The finger-tips are rested lightly on the indicator, which slides under the unconscious muscular pressure across the surface of the glass, and will in many cases spell out intelligible if not intelligent "messages after a very few trials. By the use of a crystal or other speculum (in modern practice generally a common glass ball) a certain number of persons (about 5 per cent. of us according to one estimate) will with patience develop the amusing and harmless faculty of "scrying" or automatic The speculum must rest against a dark background, in such a position that it may return as few reflections as possible, and the observer should gaze steadily, but without undue mental concentration, for ten minutes or more at a time. The content of the vision will usually be found to be of the same dreamlike character as the products of motor automatism.

(4) Most people have on some occasion seen or taken part in experiments in thought-transference. Unfortunately, amateur experimenters can seldom be persuaded to make contemporary records of the precise circumstances in which the trials take place, as well as of all results obtained, whether positive or negative; and in the absence of such records their experiences can be significant only for themselves. The bare fact that thought-transference does occasionally occur is, in the writer's judgment, established almost beyond reasonable doubt by existing evidence; but the implications of this fact remain obscure until we can determine what physical media, if any, are involved in the transmission; and that knowledge in turn can only be reached through patient empirical study of the physical and mental conditions favourable to success. Such a study involves attention to every detail of each experiment, and a necessity of wide co-operation. It is to be hoped that the dust of controversy excited by Sir Oliver Lodge and the other evangelists of spiritualism will not completely obscure this more modest, but possibly, for that very reason, more fruitful field of psychological research.

E. R. Dodds.

"SCIENCE PROGRESS"

THE January number of Science Progress (Murray, 6s. net) is exceptionally attractive. As was to be expected, the Astronomical Section devotes a good deal of space to Einstein's Generalized Theory of Relativity. There is a possible ambiguity, however, in the statement that the principle of equivalence is essential to the theory of relativity. The Riemann-Christoffel tensor, which vanishes for a Galilean space-time system and for every system derived therefrom by a mathematical transformation, need not vanish in a permanent gravitational field. The principle of equivalence is extremely useful as it enables us to pass from an artificial to a permanent gravitational field, but it is not essential to relativity. We think, however, that Mr. Jones is correct in asserting that Einstein's theory is not a theory of gravitation, but a theory of space and time. Einstein is concerned with the measured properties of space and time in the neighbourhood of matter, but gives no reason why matter should produce the space-time distortion he discusses.

It would be impossible within the limits of our space to discuss the various interesting articles in this number. We must, however, direct attention to Dr. Lotka's suggestive remarks on "Evolution and Irreversibility." We see here a characteristic combination of imagination and analysis which

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is very attractive. The Correspondence, too, is exceptionally interesting; there seems little to choose between the spiritists and the anti-spiritists, so far as frequency of merely dogmatic statements is concerned. It is a pity that the section on Pure Mathematics should consist of nothing but the barest descriptions of published papers. Is there nothing in recent mathematics which could be made intelligible to readers who, after all, are supposed to understand Dr. Lotka's paper?

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.-January 7.-Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in

the chair.—The following communications were read:

1. "On Syringothyris Winchell, and certain Carboniferous 1. On Syringothyris Winchell, and certain Carboniterous Brachiopoda referred to Spiriferina D'Orbigny," by Mr. F. J. North. He was of opinion that Syringothyris and Spiriferina are in no way related, either morphologically or phylogenetically. Dr. F. A. Bather and Professor T. F. Sibly offered some observations on the

paper.
2. "Jurassic Chronology: I.—Lias. Supplement 1, West England Strata," by Mr. S. S. Buckman (read, in the absence of the

author, by Dr. W. D. Lang),

Philological.—January 9.—Dr. Wilfrid Perrett read an important paper on "The Perception of Sound," in which he maintained that it is the philologist who can and must settle the controversy as to the mechanism of the internal ear, whether we have in the cochlea a set of resonant fibres (Helmholtz) or a mechanism which is dead-beat in its character (Wrightson). The effect of the "consonant" ending the first syllable in stop, please; not to the "consonant" ending the first syllable in stop, please; not to . . ; book-keeping; or in the Glasgow pronunciation (so common in London streets) of bottle as "bo'l," would be impossible if resonant fibres in the ear continued to resound. The shock sensation of these voiceless occlusives is the effect of the sudden transition from sound to silence, and it is only on account of the complete absence of resonance in the internal ear that these "sounds" of everyday speech exist. If in the phrase "the kling-klang of resonance" we employ the natural magic of our matchless language, and substi-tute "click-clack" for the first term, then, as far as the ear is concerned, the second term must also be changed, and the phrase becomes the click-clack of meaningless chatter. Referring to his published work ("Ouestions of Phonetic Theory," 1916-19, Cambridge, Heffer) for the proof of his assertions, Dr. Perrett said that the Helmholtz table of vowel-pitches shows errors amounting in the extreme case of the vowel oo to no less than two octaves, and that the compass of the mouth shaped for the vowels of English, instead of being nearly four octaves, is less than two(about div to fil); and he held out the hope that we might shortly see the realization of Robert Willis's idea (1829)-generally ascribed to Helmholtz, who adopted it without acknowledgment-that the accurate determination of these inherent vowel-pitches would "eventually furnish philologists with a correct measure for the shade of difference in the pronunciation of the vowels by different nations.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—January 13.—Four papers relating to harbours and wave-action were read, viz.: "Whitby Harbour Improvement," by Mr. James Mitchell; "The Design of Harbours and Breakwaters with a View to the Reduction of Wave-Action within their Area," by Mr. Ralph F. Hindmarsh; "Wave-Action in Harbour Areas, with Special Reference to Works for reducing it at Blyth and Whitby Harbours," by Mr. J. Watt Sandeman; and "The Improvement of the Entrance to Sunderland Harbour, with reference to the Reduction of Wave-Action," by Mr. W. Simpson.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—January 15.—Professor C. Oman, President, in the chair.—Mr. W. H. Woodward was elected a Fellow. The Rev. E. Rogers exhibited two tetradrachms, both with types, head of Herakles and Zeus Actophoros and the same symbols (anchor and feeding horse) and monograms; one of Alexander the Great, the other of Seleucus I., both of Eastern fabric. He also showed two Seleucid staters with Apollo and Zeus reverses: the Apollo stater had been previously known and attributed by Dr. Maddonald to Antiochos II.: the other stater with Zeus reverse, apparently unique, now confirms this attribution. A unique silver

tetradrachm with the same portrait was also shown.

The Rev. E. A. Sydenham read a paper on the "Coinages of Augustus." The reader began by giving a chronological summary of the various series and groups of coins under Augustus After brief notes on the Senatorial mint (B.C. 43-36) and the military coinage of Octavius in Gaul and Italy (41-39 B.C.), incidentally attributing the S.C. coins to camp mints of Northern Italy, Mr. Sydenham proceeded to discuss the Asiatic coinages (B.C. 28-15) and the "Imperatorial" mint (B.C. 21-15). Besides coins generally attributed to Asiatic mints, he proposed to give the undated silver and gold with legand of sea payer to Asia rether than Rome and and gold with legend CESAR DIVI F to Asia rather than Rome, and criticized Laffranchi's attribution of certain coins to Phrygia and Gabrici's to Athens. The coins attributed to the "Imperatorial" mint are very distinctive in style, and were probably issued under

the direct control of Augustus. These coins had been attributed by Grueber to Rome, and by Laffranchi to Spain. Mr. Sydenham gave cogent arguments against these views, and added reasons for considering them a distinct "Imperatorial" issue. The theory on which a good deal of the argument turns is that in B.C. 28 Augustus made a formal surrender of his Triumviral office and the extra-ordinary powers pertaining to it. Included in these powers was probably the right of coinage. The surrender of this right was merely an act of policy which Augustus did not regard as permanently binding. But he held to it to this extent that for five or six years to the issued no coins of any sort on his own authority, and even down to the end of his reign he issued no coins in Rome. After an experimental coinage through P. Carisius in Spain (B.C. 24-22) he inaugurated his "Imperatorial" mint, but confined its operations to the provinces. Finally he fixed the Imperial mint at Lugdunum (B.C. 14).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.-January 19.-Sir F. G. Kenyon, Vice-President, in the chair.

A resolution was passed recording the Society's keen sense of the loss it had sustained by the death of its President, the late Sir William Osler. Mr. Falconer Madan was thereupon unanimously elected President.

After the conclusion of official business Mr. Falconer Madan read a short paper, illustrated with lantern slides, on the press of the late Dr. Charles Daniel, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, who worked as an amateur printer, first in his boyhood at Frome and afterwards at Oxford, producing among other matter several volumes of verse by Robert Bridges.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 23. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture II., Professor P. Dearmer.

Professor P. Dearmer.
University College, 5.—" Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
King's College, 5.30.—" La Dynastie de Macédoine:
I. La Personnalité des Souverains," Dr. L. Œconomos,
University College, 5.30.—" The Geography of Italy,"
Professor H. E. Butler.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers 6.—" Recent

Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Recent Advances in Utilization of Water Power," Mr. Eric M. Bergstrom.

M. Bergstrom.

Egypt Exploration Society (Lecture Room of the Royal Society), 8.30.—"El Amarna, the City of the Heretic King," Professor T. Eric Peet.

Royal Institution, 9.—"Researches at High Pressures and Temperatures," Hon. Sir Charles Parsons.

Sat. 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"Aspects of Modern Poetry,"

Mr. Alfred Noyes.

Mon. 26. King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History:
Differentiation of Greek and Latin Worlds, 395565 A.D.," Professor A. J. Toynbee.
Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—
"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XI., Mr. Bertrand

Russell. Society of Arts, 8,—"Aircraft Photography in War and Peace," Lecture II., Capt. H. Hamshaw Thomas. (Cantor Lecture.)

Tues. 27. Royal Institution, 3.-" Man's Origin," Professor G.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—Resumed Discus-

sion on Harbours and Wave-Action.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant,"
Lecture II., Professor H. Wildon Carr.
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: II.
Structure of the Community in Russia," Sir Bernard

Wed. 28. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the 'Divina Commedia,' "ecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

Wed. 28. University Conege, 5.—

'Divina Commedia,' "ecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)

Society of Arts, 4.30.— "The Ruin and Restoration of Belgium," Sir Cecil Hertslet.

King's College, 5.30.— "The League of Nations and the British Empire," Mr. Basil Worsfold.

Thurs. 29. Royal Institution, 3.— "Renaissance Music in Italy and England," Lecture III., Dr. R. R. Terry. Royal Society, 4.30.— University College, 5.30.— "Italian Literature," Lecture II., Professor Antonio Cippico. (In Italian.)

Fri. 30. King's College, 4.— "Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture III., Professor P. Dearmer.

University College, 5.— "Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture II., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

King's College, 5.30.— "La Dynastie de Macédoine II. Les Arabes," Dr. L. Œconomos.

University College, 5.30.— "Greek and Roman Agriculture," Mr. M. Cary.

Royal Institution, 9.— "The Gyrostatic Compass," Mr. S. G. Brown.

Royal Institution, 9,-Mr. S. G. Brown.

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Fine Arts AUGUSTE RENOIR

THE newspapers and reviews of the whole world have bewailed the death of Renoir and have paid their homage to that admirable life consecrated, with an obstinacy that never weakened, wholly to his work, despite the paralysis whose deadliness is known to all.

But, in their haste, too many writers have celebrated only the "maître impressionniste" who propagated an error by which the public were only too pleased to be deluded. For, in the eyes of the public, there is no radical difference between Monet and Renoir; they are just two maîtres impressionnistes." Now if there is any legend which it seems to us a work of piety to destroy, it is this one that makes of these two figures a couple of brothers. Renoir, like Cézanne, was an anti-impressionist painter. He may not have been one at the outset of his career, but he knew how to become one at the age when it was necessary for the conversion to be achieved, and it is from this time forth that he became the great artist we know him to have been, the heir of Rubens and Watteau. It is amusing to observe the fate of this impressionist school, which made itself illustrious only by the defections which it provoked from the circle of its own adepts.

Born of a reaction against the utterly worn-out convention of official academism, the impressionist school aroused a praiseworthy desire for realism. But this desire was as badly directed as it was possible for it to be; it confounded the real with the visible, imagined that sensation alone could suffice for recognition, and that the registration of all the accidentals without determining their cohesion or rhythm was a sufficient artistic exercise. The pure impressionist ideal—let us have the courage to say it—is quite disconcertingly silly. One can only explain the embarrassment it provoked in the hearts of the most talented artists of the period by considering it as an instinctive manifestation of that superior necessity of overturning pictorial values of which it was, in some sort, a first avowal.

In effect, Delacroix, burning to discover the secret of great painting," had exhausted all the resources offered by the museums to the inexperience of the modern artist. His works, in other respects often admirable, were none the less no more than paler repetitions of traditional works which only a new dramatic sense—a sense which belongs only to the great romantic painter—could sometimes succeed in modernizing. But what had been done remained unsurpassable, despite his efforts to extend the Old Masters. Accordingly, to the inheritors of Delacroix the classical methods appeared obsolete, incapable of expressing their childish intoxication, the excitement of schoolboys let loose in a garden, which "the wonders of science" made them believe boundless. To forget all, to learn all things anew-this was the line followed by those who had kept their sensibility intact: a childlike solution that would have imperilled the fate of painting if it had not been for the appearance of certain heroic deserters who, tired of questioning Nature with the eyes, thought at last of questioning her with the mind. Heretics in the heart of the heresy, they deserted the lower region of the senses, where the purists of the new school were wont to take their pleasure, in order to climb, step by step, towards the higher planes of intelligence. Each in his own way, Cézanne and Renoir understood that the scientific or spontaneous reproduction of a few material facts does not constitute a language worthy of art, and that if it is necessary to turn for support to the earth, one should not wallow on its surface; one should approach it in order to rebound.

"In my opinion the principal cause of the decay of the craft lies in the absence of an ideal. The most skilful hand is never more than the servant of thought."

This is an authentic saying of Renoir, a phrase that throws more light on the painter of the "Bathers" than the childish sayings which people take such pains to quote. It is important to point out that most of the critics have perversely taken pains to acclaim in Renoir only the instinctive painter, a rebel against all processes of reasoning, and one who exercised no control over himself.

These writers genuinely believe that they are in this way ennobling the painter, and it is with a snigger in the direction of the young "intellectuals" that they preach the perfect unconsciousness, the complete irresponsibility of the old man. Neglecting the sayings that Renoir put his name to, they dwell lovingly on his casual conversational remarks, holding up for admiration this little sally: "I have no rules nor methods," a remark that was meant by the man who uttered it to be carried away by the wind, since he afterwards wrote, "Painting is a craft like carpentry or iron-working; it is subject to the same rules."

The truth is that Renoir, with his subtle, delicate mind, felt the ridiculousness of these after-dinner theories, in which metaphysics often fills more space than painting; and he was above everything mistrustful of the interpretations that the literary men generally put on the painter's remarks. Hiding his preoccupations under an attitude of witty detachment, he silently perfected for himself what must have been a remarkably precise discipline, if one may judge by the continuity of his effort and the unity of his work, exempt from those oscillations that denote in certain painters, sometimes of the highest talent, an absence of interior direction. Renoir's intelligence consisted in this: he understood that a discipline is made up only of words, and that a theory is nothing at all if it does not immediately lead to practice in which instinct has its place. The word must become flesh. To give direction to one's ideas, to incorporate them in one's own substance, to render organic what was only cerebral—such is the operation of genius. It is a difficult and painful task, a "long patience" for which the recompense is liberty of execution, fecundity and serenity.

Just as the impressionists' reality was only an appearance, so too their technique was only an appearance of technique, a renouncement of the rational craft. The moment Renoir began to interest himself in what was permanent, his formula became different: aiming at the eternal, it naturally returns to its sources, which are immutable. It was by adopting an attitude equivalent to that of the Masters of the Renaissance—though not, like Delacroix, making use of their technique—that Renoir rediscovered their beautiful certitudes and created durable forms.

For the pure impressionists, such as Monet, Sisley, Berthe Morisot, &c., the sunshine, the chance play of prismatic lights over the surface of things, localized the attention of the painter. The *effect* becomes the theme; it absorbs material objects, which vanish as soon as they cease to be of use in supporting the terrible "lighting." Coloured perspective, the creed of the painters of the new school, tends to the disintegration of objects, drives them to a total effacement in the bosom of the Moloch-like sun. Impressionism is the temptation of nothingness.

Renoir, who is interested in light only in so far as it reveals the profound qualities of the matter under examination, in his love for all things considers no object unworthy of receiving it. Light, for him, has ceased to be the unique queen whose smallest sign is an order; it is his ally; he holds it like a tool in his hand, and without projecting it more on one form than on another, he dis tributes it over every point in his picture; it brings out the value of the culminating part of objects, which now,

far from retreating towards destruction, flow forward towards the eye and take on an even modelling. The impressionists' visual space is abolished, and the spiritual space of the true painters is recaptured. Renoir's beautiful rounded masses are not ranged in measurable depth; they roll one over the other, like luminous worlds, counterbalancing one another. He has asked of Nature the secret of her stability; causes, taking the place of effects, have become, for him, the unique theme. Like Cézanne, he discovered the divine laws of equilibrium, and he makes use of them to govern the economy of this miniature universe-the picture which he creates in imitation of Him who smiles upon his genius . . while Monet, the true impressionist type, pushing his speculations to absurdity, renounces not only the representation of man, but also the representation of everything in a landscape that might be articulated like human members. The phenomena that bring about the apparent dissolution of objects alone solicit his attention—smoke, fog, wind and water, fluidity and mobility, of which the "Thameses" and "Waterlilies" are the exhausted poems.

There is one essentially French virtue of which we shall not, for a long time it may be, have occasion to speak. That is good humour—sister of candour and mother of fantasy-a quality which Renoir possessed in greater measure than any other painter of his generation. It was this delightful gift which led the great man to mystify, by many little jokes, the literary men of his acquaintance; it has given us that legend of the nightingale-painter, whose formation, though always with his tongue in his cheek, he benevolently favoured, considering that his works were weighty enough to allow him to bequeath to posterity only a light and as it were diminished image of himself. Cézanne too (and the fact gave rise to a number of regrettable anecdotic fantasies) possessed this scampish side (so unpleasant in the failures and second-rates, but delightful in men of superior talent), which incites certain artists, in the presence of a too abject audience, to give utterance to paradoxes, which taken literally, published and commented on, serve to create the false portraits of great men.

The letter which Renoir wrote to Henry Mottex as a preface to Cennino Cennini's "Livre d'Art" proves not only that he could think and write well, as every genuine artist can, but also that he laid great store by those innumerable everyday constatations which constitute, when assembled together, the technical and intellectual armoury of the creator. Out of all the error written about him let us retain only one thing: Renoir was not an austere professor, a pedantic æsthete, an ideologist; he was an artisan. For a painter, no more glorious title exists. From as far back as one can trace the origins of French sculptors or painters, one can only think of them as humble before their work, smiling, simple, armed with a few essential truths, lightheartedly accomplishing their quotidian task, without fatigue or nervous tension, without romantic spasms, without the exclamation of the South or the reverie of the North.

In ordinary life Renoir was an amusing companion, but in the studio he became a silent reasoner. He appears to us in the guise of an old image-painter intent on faithfully and naively describing the beauties which the supreme Workmaster unrolls before his eyes. If this conclusion is acceptable to the art critics, whose glosses we have found it impossible to accept, we ask no better than to combine with them in raising the figure of a Renoir, devoid of all arrogance, unpretentiously learned, meditative without ideology and modestly masking the feelings of his heart under a veil of frivolous conversation.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

FINE ART SOCIETY.-Cartoons, "Victory and After," by Louis Raemaekers.

MACRAE GALLERY, 95, REGENT STREET.-Water-Colour Drawings of Etaples by T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A.

When the real history of the great war is written it will contain a long chapter headed "Propaganda," in which the name of Louis Raemaekers will frequently occur. He has played a more direct and obvious part in the war than any other artist, and his reputation is quite out of proportion to the intrinsic merits of his cartoons. When he published his first war cartoons in a Dutch newspaper they were acclaimed by a world paralysed with horror at the practical application of Frightfulness in Belgium. In the strained atmosphere of the time the world believed that this Dutch cartoonist was capable of expressing the universal detestation of these orgies of organized cruelty; it believed him capable, too, of a broader thing-capable of expressing the world's horror of War. But such a function was beyond his powers. The world soon realized that he was not made of the stuff of a Goya or Callot; that it was not so much Militarism he hated as German Militarism, and not so much Kaiserism as the Kaiser. In the Allied countries he was welcomed, of course, with open arms, and the world soon began to regard him as an avowed Allied propagandist. As such his neutral nationality could not fail to make an impression, and his cartoons were undoubtedly of great service to the Allied cause.

As a draughtsman Raemaekers is unimportant. A technical method borrowed from Steinlen and Forain gives his drawings an appearance of power, but they have none of the fine observation of typical forms which constitutes the element of greatness in the work of the French masters. He is, in fact, not primarily. an artist at all. He uses a drawing merely to illustrate the legend placed beneath it. As a satirist he hits hard, but his outlook is not personal or emotional; he contributes no ideas to the world, he only exploits existing well-recognized angles of thought. We know just what he will say on any subject, and why and in what way—we know it will be much the same

as the comments in Punch.

Nevertheless there is one theme which stimulates him to greater achievement. He rises to a certain height in his drawings of the Kaiser. His hatred of this figure is clearly genuine, and his Kaiser-drawings ring true on the strength of this real emotion. He hates the Kaiser as thousands of men and women hate him to-day, with a deep contempt and no pity. He hates him far more than the average Englishman hates him; for the average Englishman is a poor hater, and really prefers Mr. Haselden's "Big and Little Willie" conception of the Hohenzollerns. But Raemaekers hates the Kaiser so much that he acquires intuition when he draws him

and becomes for the time an artist.

The present collection of his cartoons at the Fine Art Society's Galleries represents the artist's comments on the last stage of the war, from the entrance of America to the signing of peace, and incidentally his views on English Labour unrest and Bolshevism. As usual, the Kaiser-drawings are in a class by themselves. Here we have no need to consult the legends; the drawings tell their own story. But the drawings where there is no Kaiser have very little raison d'être. We can find out all Raemaekers has to say by turning the pages of the catalogue, where we see such titles as "Lenin goes a-Hunting: Murder, Frost and Starvation, the inevitable companions of Bolshevik rule," or "Japan to the Rescue of Russia," and so on. Raemaekers' view of Bolshevism is perfectly expressed in these titles without the aid of the drawings. The same is true of the cartoons devoted to English Labour problems, where the titles tell us that the artist thinks all strikes the work of German agents and Extremist Agitators.

It is curious to turn from these drawings by a neutral who plunged voluntarily into the war, and commented on so many phases of it, to a set of pictures of Etaples painted by an Englishman in the same period, which betray no hint of the struggle happening within earshot. Mr. Austen Brown had made Etaples his home in the years before the war, and he continued his water-colour sketches of the picturesque fishingport regardless of the presence of the great base camp and the tramping of British troops all round. The Etaples which he pictures is the Etaples which persisted in spite of the war, and which conveyed its fascination to those who lingered there on th to ver of a f prima as in tive 6

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on their way to and from the front. Mr. Brown never comes to very close grips with his subject, but his method—consisting of a facile pen statement in wiry line coloured with washes of primary tints—has a certain gay attraction, and now and again, as in the drawing of "Le Touquet," something of the decorative effect of a print by Hiroshige.

R. H. W.

Music a repertory of english opera

EXT month is to bring forth yet another operatic enterprise, the appearance of the Fairbairn Opera Company at the Surrey Theatre, under the joint management of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Miln. The Surrey is a theatre little known to most opera-goers. It is an old house of very noble proportions, with an exceptionally large stage. It has recently been completely renovated, and the seating rearranged so as to give a very good view of the stage from every part of the house. If Mr. Fairbairn can once get his audiences to cross the river and become as familiar with St. George's Circus as they are with the neighbourhood of Bow Street, he ought to have every chance of success.

He has announced in the papers that his wish is to perform not merely opera in English, but genuine English opera. Like a wise man, he intends to go slow at first. There is no fear of his presenting a new opera by a native composer every week, and those who want to see such old friends as "Faust" and "Trovatore" will probably not be disappointed. Even supposing that a manager could afford to try the experiment of mounting a season of exclusively British opera, it would not be a plan to deserve encouragement. In France, in Germany and in Italy the operatic repertory is mainly national, but has never been rigidly so, and no sensible musician would ever desire such a narrow-minded policy.

English operas make their appearance in England from time to time; some successfully, others not; but we never seem to have collected the best of them into a regular stock repertory. The causes of this are perhaps largely just indifference and force of habit, perhaps also difficulties with performing rights. There is also this reason, that all our operatic companies live from hand to mouth, performing for short seasons in a number of places, so that none of them can afford to keep up a large repertory after the fashion of a German permanent opera-house. If an impresario could manage to establish a permanent opera company in London without depending upon provincial gains to balance metropolitan losses, it would be quite easy to build up a repertory of British operas which, if we set aside the three giants Mozart, Verdi and Wagner, would compare. quite favourably with that of any other country.

To begin with, Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" ought to

be as familiar to English audiences as the operas of Gluck are on the Continent. It is, as a matter of fact, a much better opera than any of Gluck's. It is very short, but it is intensely dramatic, and at the same time attractive as music to anyone who has a feeling for pure melody. In spite of its antique conventions it is beautifully constructed, whereas there is no opera of Gluck which does not require considerable remodelling and "faking" before it can be put on the stage at all. And its shortness is in itself an advantage, for it would always have to be coupled with another short opera, so that each might derive advantage from the other. Another quasi-opera of the seventeenth century might also be included—"Cupid and Death" (Matthew Locke and Christopher Gibbons), which at Glastonbury last year obtained a thoroughly popular success.

Of eighteenth-century operas "The Beggar's Opera" is probably the only one that could take a permanent place. Provincial audiences might perhaps insist on its being considerably bowdlerized; what it really requires is not expurgation, but an exceptionally distinguished style of acting. Without this, the whole point of its humour is lost. The present day is just the right moment for its revival, for the coincidence of the folk-song movement with a considerable interest in the art of the eighteenth century ought to have prepared modern audiences to appreciate its wit and mirth.

A century later we come to an opera of European fame, which it is tempting to include in the English repertory, though the composer was not an Englishman. Weber's "Oberon" was composed for London, and furthermore, composed to an Erglish libretto designed on lires so peculiarly English that the opera has never been quite satisfactory in any of its German versions. A good deal of the mulic is still familiar to English people in a vague sort of way, although it must be a great many years since the opera was seen in its original form. But it will certainly offer a problem of singular difficulty to any modern producer who has the courage to undertake it. The next obvious operas are our old friends " Maritana " and " The Bohemian There are probably many readers of The Athenæum who have never seen either of them. They will do well to take the earliest opportunity of going to hear them. Even superior persons will find it instructive to listen to these operas and set themselves to consider carefully why it is that they have attained what may very reasonably be called classical immortality. And having heard them, let them further consider whether it would not be well worth while to "wash their faces," as an Oxford musician used to say—that is, to forget all the traditions that have encrusted themselves upon them and produce them from the original text as if they were entirely new works. Another opera of the same class is "The Lily of Killarney," which is still insisted on by the "Old Vic" patrons to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, although its composer was no more an Irishman than his beloved master, the composer

But there is another Irish opera, written by an undoubted Irishman, which ought to be in our regular British repertory -Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," a work sufficiently inspired by the spirit of rebellion to deserve the affection of the most progressive opera-goer. And if Irish people love to see their own country glorified, English people certainly love to see theirs made ridiculous; so "Shamus O'Brien" should surely have a double claim to popularity. Scotland would be well represented by Hamish MacCunn's Jeanie Deans." It is an unpretentious but thoroughly effective and well-written opera, with just the right kind of attractiveness. Within the last twenty years or so a number of operas by British composers have been produced which certainly deserved production and possibly deserve revival; but there are not many which have the elements of real popularity. It may seem scandalous to insist upon this quality, but a standard repertory can only be developed on this basis—it being always presupposed that the works in question are not merely popular, but also reach a self-respecting standard of excellence. these Mr. Nicholas Gatty's "Duke or Devil," and Mr. G. H. Clutsam's "A Summer Night," ought not to be forgotten; I should like to include "The Wreckers," and there can be no doubt that "The Boatswain's Mate" should certainly find a place in our standard repertory. Another opera which has proved its popularity, and ought most certainly to be included, is Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour.

My list, it will be seen, is not a very large one; but it is better that those who are dissatisfied should suggest additions rather than accuse me of setting the standard too low.

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A NEW GOYESQUE OPERA

EL Avapiés: Drama Lirico en tres actos. By Tomás Borrás. Music by Conrado Del Campo and Angel Barrios. (Madrid, Editorial Pueyo. 3.50 ptas.)

A T the very end of the last opera season at Madrid a new Spanish opera was produced. It met with a mixed reception from the critics and from the public; but a series of lucky accidents enabled it to be put on again at the opening of the present season. "El Avapiés" takes its name from the densely populated district of Madrid surrounding the Calle de Lavapiés. It may be less interesting to Spaniards, than it is to people who do not know Madrid; for the Calle de Lavapiés is quite an ordinary-looking street, and Madrileños can go to the Prado twice a week and see all the Goyas for nothing. A London audience, however, would find "El Avapiés" ravishing.

Sr. Borrás, the author of the book, has taken certain episodes in the life of Madrid as it was about 1800—something between that reflected in the comedies of Ramón de la Cruz (a contemporary of Goldoni) and in the volume of the "Episodios Nacionales" of Pérez Galdós which describes the Court of Charles IV. The beautifully printed "book of the words" is surely the most attractive libretto there ever was, with its clear type, its wide margins, its glossary of "madrileñismos," and its reproductions from paintings and drawings by Goya. The music has not been published; and unfortunately there seems to be no immediate chance of its being printed.

Sr. Del Campo and Sr. Barrios have set about their work with an inexhaustible flow of melody. have taken the various forms of Madrid popular song as types, and raised them to the level of opera. The procedure has one excellent effect, namely, that you can never hear anyone singing in the street—the old-clothes woman in the Calle Mayor, for instance-without thinking how much better they would do that sort of thing in "El Avapiés." With a single exception, none of the tunes in the opera are real popular songs; yet the supply of melody seems to be unfailing. It might be urged that it is not always expressive or relevant. It does not always seem to belong to the situation or help the listener to understand the personalities of the characters. Occasionally it appears to be outside the action altogether. A good opera, it has been said, should have a drama in the music going on at the same time as the drama on the stage, reflecting and illustrating it. In "El Avapiés" this is made difficult by the fact that for more than half the time a large crowd is on the stage. Whenever there are only two or three people, the drama going on in the music is not only perceptible but unmistakable. The music which accompanies the crowds attacks the problem by a heap of lively tunes and dances; and by this means the composers definitely express the confusion and turbulence of a street. They have not aimed at letting their music fix your attention on the personalities and thoughts, actions and passions, of the chief characters; and even visually the principals only stand out from the rest when the opera is seen not from the stalls, but from the gallery. Whenever a few people are left alone they become entirely intelligible and reasonable.

The weak points of "El Avapiés" are probably not so obvious to an Englishman as they are to a cultivated Spanish musician. For a listener to whom the various types of Spanish melody are not yet so familiar as to be uninteresting, music like that of Del Campo and Barrios is not only delightful in itself, but serves the purpose of making other forms of Spanish musical thought intelligible. It is a step, though not a very long one in the direction of Sr. De Falla, whose music London has approached from the wrong end. If we had had the chance of hearing

"El Avapiés" and then De Falla's opera "La Vida Breve,' no one would have found the music to the "Three-Cornered Hat" cold or difficult to understand. Falla is the central figure in the group of modern Spanish composers, and anything that helps one to understand him is of value for that alone.

El Avapiés" is interesting for other reasons. It seems to take an English hearer deeper into Spanish musical thought than before; and this is noticeable in the course of the work itself. What might be objected to as a mixture of styles, arising from the maturity and sense of mastery in the third act compared with the other two, turns out to be a logical development. The confusion, noise and endless strings of tunes which seem almost, but not quite folk-songs are gradually simplified and gathered together as the drama shapes itself and the issue becomes clear. The method of the composers is then seen to be not a haphazard jumble of styles at all, but a perfectly logical process. At the beginning they fling you into a hurly-burly of people, singing, shouting, dancing and running about-as if all the figures in Goya's tapestry cartoons had escaped from the Prado and come to do their tricks at the Royal Opera; and in the festival procession at the end of Act II., with pasos, giants, the Tarasca (a kind of "Riesenwurm") and the little figure of the pelele tossed in a blanket, it seemed as if all the queer things in the history of the Spanish drama had been dragged in to confuse one. In the third act, however, music and drama emerge on a higher, clearer level, on which the course of the opera can be clearly followed until the end. Let us hope that London will one day be given an oppor-tunity of hearing "El Avapiés." It is a work which should be known by everyone who is interested in Spain and Spanish things. J. B. T.

A RAPPROCHEMENT?

ARE the poet and the composer going to shake each other by the hand again after an estrangement of some three hundred years? The December number of the Monthly Chapbook (Poetry Bookshop) suggests that they are, for it consists of four songs by Armstrong Gibbs, Malcolm Davidson, Clive Carey, and the late Denis Browne, the words being taken in three cases from Walter de la Mare, and in the other from George Townsend Warner. Three of these songs were sung recently by Mr. Steuart Wilson, and are probably known to many readers; the fourth-Denis Browne's setting of Arabia"—has not been sung (within my memory, at any ate). "Arabia" may well be the despair of a composer; if Denis Browne has failed—as I think he has—it is not through want of skill or imperceptiveness of style, it is simply that 'Arabia' carries in itself verbal melodies and verbal rhythms of such exquisite delicacy that music can do nothing for it. It is a song in itself. "Nod," on the other hand, is a perfect. vindication of music: at the first sound of the strings you begin to droop your head and blink your eyes; music has been able to take matters up just at the point where poetry

The little volume is attractively produced and the price of 1s. 6d. for the four songs is a scathing comment on current publishers' charges. But there are one or two misprints in addition to those corrected by hand. On p. 14 there should surely be a tie between the 8th and 9th bars; in the 1st bar on p. 13 the G in the left-hand part should apparently be G sharp, and in the 1st bar on p. 15 the bass requires F natural, not F sharp. Mr. Davidson will no doubt correct me if I am wrong; tonal contradiction has become a commonplace in these days. But the diatonic nature of his general style makes it difficult to believe that these instances are anything more than an oversight.

Commencing with the February number, The Nineteenth-Century and After will be published by Messrs. Constable & Co. The policy of the review will remain independent asheretofore, and will not be controlled by any party or group.

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CONCERTS

Mr. Felix Salmond and Mrs. Alfred Hobday introduced an unfamiliar 'Cello and Piano Sonata by Guy Ropartz at their joint recital on January 17. It is an uneven work, in which the few good episodes do not compensate for the long stretches that are merely dull and rhetorical. There are some places one likes in the slow movement, and the finale opens very well, but after a few moments the inspiration breaks down rather abruptly, and the composer never gets his forces really in hand again. Brahms' F major Sonata is not one of the composer's most inspired works, but it showed up the want of mental concentration in the French work rather badly. Mr. Salmond was playing at times with great brilliance, but was not always as ready as he should have been to retire into the background when it was the piano's turn to predominate.

Miss Valerie Valenson and Miss Marie Joliet also gave a joint piano and 'cello recital on the previous day. We doubt if Bach's unaccompanied suites were really intended by the composer to sound quite so like scale and arpeggio practice as Miss Valenson thinks they were, and we are quite sure that both Mozart and Scarlatti would have asked Miss Joliet not to put the pedal down at all if they had imagined she would invariably forget to take it up again where the harmony requires it.

Now that peace has been signed, German songs can be admitted to programmes again, but for those who, like Major Petkoff, have declared peace, but not friendly relations, they must be sung in English. From this situation one good thing at least arises; singers are beginning to feel ashamed of the old translations. Miss Dorothy Robson, who opened her recital on January 14 with a group of Schumann, sang a translation of her own to "Frühlingsnacht" and a new one by Hugh Fitch to the "Nussbaum," both of which were a great improvement on the older versions. Schumann is a peculiarly difficult composer to present in English, for his poets are either too good to translate adequately, or too hopelessly bad. One can make something of a poem that has a definite idea, however awkwardly expressed; but much of German romantic lyric verse is simply slush, and can only be translated into slush. Miss Robson sang with a great command of vocal colour, and knows exactly what use to make even of a certain natural harshness of tone which she otherwise controls very successfully. She was at her best in a French group which she interpreted with a delightful elegance of phrase.

THE concert given at the Wigmore Hall by Miss Winifred Taylor and Miss Vera Horton was interesting on account of the trouble which had evidently been taken to choose a programme which was not exactly like other programmes. It did not so much matter that some of the music was beyond the strength of the performers. The Liszt Sonata in B minor is a case in point. Miss Taylor's chief failing was that she could not keep it up; the work fatigued her both physically and mentally before it was half finished. Her sympathies are plainly with music like the "Seguidillas" of Albeniz, or with Korngold's epilogue to the "Märchenbilder," which seems at first as if it might be going to do something, but never succeeds in achieving it. Miss Taylor is pianist rather than accompanist. Miss Vera Horton gave songs by Strauss and Wolf, and Wagner's "Schmerzen" (from the "Fünf Gedichte"). They were sung in English; Mr. Ernest Newman's rendering of "Schmerzen" overrides most of the difficulties, and is a good piece of translation. In the first stanza the emphasis falls, twice over, on unimportant words; but the third and fourth show how successfully even Wagner may be translated by hard work and understanding. Miss Horton made three songs from Mr. Granville Bantock's "Sappho" her chief contribution. Like the composer, the singer was hampered by the ordinariness of the words. "Evening," in particular, does not suggest evening at all, but a Sunday afternoon at the Albert Hall. The groups of Hebridean songs showed up well against the others, both as music and poetry. It is a pity that they are so full of Gaelic expletives. The only possible way in which Gaelic and English words can be mixed is to have the verse in one language and the refrain in another, as in the "Eriskay Love Lilt." Mr. Edward Mitchell's recital of works by Scriabin on January 17 was attended by a very large audience, and his offer to play any or all of the pieces again was accepted with great cordiality. Mr. Percy Scholes, who insisted carefully on the unconventionality of the entertainment, attempted by flattering words to coax the representatives of the Press into expressing their opinions then and there; but this invitation was with equal cordiality declined. Mr. Mitchell certainly understands Scriabin very thoroughly and interprets his music with lucidity as well as enthusiasm. But we hope that in his own interests, as a pianist and as a musician generally, he will not limit his studies to music of so definitely anti-intellectual a character.

NEW MUSIC

Messrs. Novello send us two interesting volumes by Mr. Cecil Sharp. One is a selection of the Southern Appalachian folk-songs (5s.) collected by Mr. Sharp in the course of his travels in that region. Mr. Sharp's lecture on the folk-lore and folk-music of Southern Appalachia will not have been forgotten by those who heard it, and this volume is a welcome reminder. The other is a collection of twelve well-known English country dances, "Black Nag," "Rufty-Tufty," and so on (4s. 6d.), containing not only the tunes arranged for piano, but a full set of instructions as to the manner of performing the dances, and an explanation of technical terms and symbols in common use.

Together with these the same firm sends us some less edifying matter. The spring-time and the ring-time are not quite so pretty when Mr. German has finished with them as they were before, and he makes hash of Shakespeare's form by repeating solemnly at the end "It was a lover and his lass" (pp., semplice, with a rest between the words "and" and "his"). Mr. Bromley Berry's filibustering music falls short of his valiant intentions, and we cannot agree with him that in the phrase "For love of your land" the word "of" is the best possible place for a high note and pause of effect. Mr. A. H. Brewer shows us once more that an age inured to platitude can yet recognize the super-platitude when it sees it. Mr. Laxton Eyre selects words of which the following are an example:—

So we'll start upon our way, Chum of Mine, Blithesome as the happy day, Chum of Mine. Wond'rous pleasures we shall find, Leaving sorrows all behind. Oh! the world is very kind, Chum of Mine;

Leaving sorrows all behind.
Oh! the world is very kind, Chum of Mine;
and we can only say that the imbecility of the words is faithfully reproduced in the music. Mr. Percy Fletcher's "Valse Lyrique" is not so bad as the others; one could hear it in a restaurant without feeling that the enjoyment of one's food had been appreciably impaired.

R. O. M.

Mr. C. Grant Robertson, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has been appointed Principal of the University of Birmingham, in place of Sir Oliver Lodge, who recently resigned. Mr. Robertson is a distinguished Oxford historian. Among his works the best known are "England under the Hanoverians" (1911), "The Evolution of Prussia" (in collaboration with Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, 1915), and "Bismarck" (1918).

Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., President of the Old Water-Colour Society, died at his house at Broadway on January 16. Mr. Parsons gained his fame as a careful painter of brightly coloured gardens. He was born in 1847, and forty years later his picture bearing the characteristic title "When Nature painted all Things Gay" was bought by the Chantrey Bequest.

painted all Things Gay "was bought by the Chantrey Bequest.

The programme of the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier in Paris for 1920 will include the "Winter's Tale"; "L'Œuvre des Athlètes," by Georges Duhamel; "L'Impromptu de Versailles," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," by Molière; "Cromedeyre le Vieil," by Jules Romains; "Le Martyre de Sainte Cécile," by Henri Ghéon; "Le Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement," by Prosper Mérimée; "La Folle Journée," by Emile Mazaud; "La Coupe enchantée," by La Fontaine; "La Mort de Sparte," by Jean Schlumberger; "The Playboy of the Western World," by J. M. Synge; "Le Roi Candaule," by André Gide; "Amal et la Lettre du Roi," by Rabindranath Tagore; and "Le Paquebot, 'Tenacity,'" by C. Vildrac.

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Drama WHY?

HE Stage Society's last production at the Shaftesbury raises in an acute form the old question of how it is that certain works get played at all. We are surprised, and rightly, when the commercial manager, after forty years' opulent success in his trade, produces at great financial loss a piece which he ought to have dismissed after three whiffs of his cigar at his first reading of it. Surely, we think, he ought to know by now. We are even more surprised, and with far more justification, when the Stage Society selects for performance a manuscript which plainly will not do. The function of this society is, no doubt, to give a chance to works which are likely, for no good reason, to be banned by the commercial theatre, but this cannot mean that it is their duty to mount plays which the commercial manager would reject in his saner moments, or even, as in the present case, to encourage an author who has obviously promise in him by producing his immature efforts to his confusion. But what is the use of talking, and ought we not rather to blush ourselves? For this author, Mr. Willson Disher, is, it appears, by profession a dramatic critic! He spends his days, that is, in discriminating between plays that will, and plays that won't, go; he is far too intelligent (his dialogue goes bail for that) to share the common delusion that a writer cannot criticize his own work justly, and yet he persists, nay, probably urges, the performance of this comedy of his. He must know he ought to have put it away in his

However, as Mr. Disher will challenge judgment on "Joan of Memories" we are bound to admit that there is something in it. There is a permanent possibility of witty dialogue, for instance, and a vein of fancy, that struggles to disclose itself; yet somehow the whole thing rests inchoate, shadowy, confused. It is hard to grasp even how the plot is developing, though you have, all the time, a tantalizing feeling that you might well be interested in this group of Regency figures—the dandified county magnate and J.P., who loses the world and his bride for the sake of an epigram; his young poet brother, in the full tide of Romanticism, who takes love so seriously that it always escapes from him; the gay Corinthian who is so much too practical that he can never get free from the arms of the serving-wench; the elfin Joan, who daintily fools the whole set of them, and (best of all) the pompous Mr. Parker, who, starting life as the steward of Joan's estates, has self-elected himself as her guardian. You perceive there is stuff for capital comedy here, and quite in the key of the crazy period depicted. The players, too, have given all the help they can. Mr. William Armstrong as Timothy Tirrell the J.P., Mr. Nicholas Hannen as the Buck, Geoffrey Sheaf, Miss Lilian Rees as the elusive Joan, and Miss Helen Millais as the savage inn beauty are all of them exactly as they should be. If the result is not at all a success—and it isn't—it is because the play needed rewriting from start to finish.

"Joan of Memories" was preceded by a one-act fantasy of the Watteau period by the same author, called "There Remains a Gesture." On the whole the same criticisms apply to this. We feel, however, that Mr. Disher has here hit on a new dramatic form, which is capable of pleasing developments. "There Remains a Gesture" may be described as a pantomime with words. It is a blend of dialogue and speech by gesture. But any play with an element of mime requires a special training in its executants. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that gesture and attitude are things which an intelligent actor picks up as a matter of course in his career. With the exception (and a

qualified exception) of Mlle. Rambert as the heroine, and Mr. J. L. Frith as the cut-throat Harlequin, there was not a single person in the cast with the smallest conception of grace or expressive action. The accompanying music was by Mr. Alfred C. Reynolds, and, with no wish to usurp the rights of a musical critic, we must be allowed to say that it sounded most agreeable.

On the whole, then, a disappointing afternoon, and yet, when Mr. Disher's next play is given, we shall turn up with a sense of expectation. When he finds himself, it may prove quite a treasure trove.

D. L. M.

Correspondence

COMPULSORY GREEK AT OXFORD

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your Oxford Correspondent has, of course, the amplest right to hold and express his own opinions on the Greek question; but I venture to take exception to his description of those who hold the opposite view. They are not quite always obscurantists from "country parsonages and seats" who "do not understand" the matter, who want to "perpetuate the bondage of the University," and whose interference with "the teachers" is therefore "intolerable." May I put before your readers a few simple facts to show this?

On the last occasion but one when I myself went up to outrage your correspondent's feelings, I travelled in a train with two persons, previously quite unknown to me, who were bent on the same errand. One of them certainly was a clergyman, but as he had been for a long time, first a member of School Boards, and then of County Educational Committees, etc., he may be perhaps allowed to have had some *locus* standi. The other was a lay schoolmaster, who had been engaged in actual teaching for some twenty years since he left Balliol. When I got to Oxford I met, sat beside in the Theatre, and voted with, a friend who was not only (as I myself then was) a Professor of English, but a much better scholar in half a dozen other modern languages than I can pretend to be in one or two. On leaving the Theatre I met another friend who had also come up to vote for Greek, an ex-official of the very highest class in a Government Department of general education. Last year, on that day in June when we once more smote the enemy beside the Isis river, the two non-resident Philhellenists of whom I saw most (except my before-mentioned friend, the Professor of English) were, the one an ex-schoolmaster who, while in his profession, had brought up a famous school from a very low to a very high condition in all departments, and had since made himself a reputation in mediæval archæology and other subjects; the other a "modern" historian whose competence I don't think Mr. Barker himself would dispute.

I venture to think that these half-dozen instances, drawn from part only of the accidental and personal experience of a single individual, make your correspondent's description of our party look rather queer. We were "supporting teachers" too; and, independently of that fact, the vote of each of the persons I have mentioned was surely as well qualified as that of some resident who might for a term or two have been teaching History or Natural Science, and have thought that his pupils were unduly bothered by a subject in which he himself felt no interest.

But, Sir, may I have the boldness (and perhaps the bad taste) to defend my own title (even though I did once rent a disused vicarage in the country for forty pounds a year) to oppose the disestablishing of Greek? I have been learning all sorts of subjects, not merely classics, for some seventy years; and I have been teaching (first as schoolmaster, later as a professor), examining in, and (as an unmuzzled journalist, author, etc.) discussing many of these subjects for about fifty. I know no subject that even approaches Greek in its possession of that disciplinary and influential character without which all education is worthless. And if anyone 'But the amount of Greek required is so small, and there is still no obstacle to anyone studying the subject as much as he pleases," I answer that everything must have a beginning and a basis, and that, from the certain testimony of experience in other cases, obsolescence will follow disestablishroine,

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ment. For these reasons I do not think it "intolerable" that I should have the opportunity of exercising the franchise in my own University on this matter.

I must, however, add something. The benefits of the unique combination of order and freedom, of beauty and strength, of the amazing marriage of Logic and Magic, in Greek are to be found only in the study of Greek itself. To preserve that I have before now travelled the best part of a thousand miles, devoted two days of strenuous time, and spent a few pounds of very hard-earned money. To establish in its place the study of translations from Greek, I would not walk from one room to another, waste five minutes, or spend half a brass farthing.

I am, Sir,

1, Royal Crescent, Bath. Your obedient servant, GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF GRAVITATION

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,-Your correspondent "Spectator" is probably right when he says that the Einstein theory goes quite astray in supposing space to be in parts Euclidean, and in parts non-Euclidean. Such a supposition might well wreck any theory sooner or later. And one can agree with him when he says that space is an order and not a thing. But, it must surely be admitted, that would not lead very far of itself. Perhaps, after all, it is just as important to rightly determine spatial relations and systematize them as to engage in disputations as to what space ultimately is. And that, it seems, is what Geometry, for instance, has chiefly aimed at-it has certainly been more occupied in asserting true relations of space than in telling us what we are to consider space to be. But accepting the view that space is an order, it is not evident why "Spectator" should consider that Euclid, Riemann, and others are all of them right. For space must be some definite order, with definite, calculable relations; and some relations that we assert concerning it may be true, but others conflicting with these would be false. And it is not sufficient to work out a self-consistent system of relations, interesting and instructive though they might be; these relations must not conflict with our perceptive spatial presentations, for in the long run they must always be referred to these, as belonging to the world we live in and have to do with.

To take a simple case: the angles of a triangle are together equal to the sum of two right angles, or they are not. According to Euclid they are; but there are those who hold that space is curved, that no lines are straight, and that accordingly Euclid's view is not correct. It is questionable, by the way, whether it is possible to form an adequate conception of a curve without some reference to a straight line, any more than it is possible to conceive of a two without a one; but this does not seem to stand in their way. In any case, here are two conflicting views, and it is difficult to see how both can be right, whatever we may consider to be the real nature of space. Possibly "Spectator" may not hold them to be equally right, and he has given us no reason why we should consider them to be so. On the other hand, we may quite agree with "Spectator's" warning that philosophy cannot be made with mathematical theories.

Yours very faithfully, A. C.

ENCLOSURES IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,-Your correspondent C. R. S. asks for explanations on several points which will be quite clear to him if he reads with attention the book by Mr. R. H. Tawney from which he quotes. . "The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth is concerned with attempts, successful and unsuccessful, of Lords of the Manor and of peasants to enclose waste ground and also common fields, arable and pasture. Enclosure by peasants he does not dislike, and certainly does not regard as a step towards the capitalization of agriculture. Enclosure by Lords of the Manor and their larger tenants in this century was usually for the purpose of obtaining more pasture land for sheep farming; it was bitterly resented by the peasantry, and legislation against enclosure and depopulation was constantly initiated and revived. How much land actually was enclosed during this century, how much was enclosed by

peasants and diverted to arable purposes, and how much enclosed land was restored after legal process, is impossible to determine. Mr. Tawney makes this point several times

with some emphasis:

"Our knowledge of the real extent of enclosure during the sixteenth century is too scanty to permit of our following with any confidence the line of argument worked out by Miss Leonard" (p. 389). "We cannot pretend to answer these questions" (Introduction). On p. 352 and in other places Mr. Tawney returns to the difficulty of ascertaining what effect legislation had upon enclosure. His table on p. 393 shows the amount of arable land as 29 per cent. greater in 1608-9 than in 1591.

Enclosure was not, at all events, proceeding in the sixteenth century rapidly and without hindrance; the amount of land enclosed, whatever it may have been, was small compared with that affected by the enclosures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which were made for the purpose of increasing the area of arable land, and, since they tended to the reduction of the price of corn and the employment of more hired labour,

were very little opposed.

Other authorities (including Sir Robert Hunter in a paper read before the Statistical Society in June, 1897) consider that the effective and permanent enclosures made during the sixteenth century were of comparatively small extent, and it seems to be commonly agreed that but little progress was made in this direction in the seventeenth century :

In the 150 years that passed between the Agrarian Revolution of the Tudors and the commencement of the modern system of enclosure, the changes in the agriculture of the country were probably slight. That some enclosures took place from time to time was not

It is, I think, fair to regard the time between the decline of the feudal system and the eighteenth-century enclosures as a period during which enclosure was intermittent, often subject to restoration, and to an important extent consisting of enclosure by peasants of the 'lord's waste,' by peasants of the common fields of the vill, or even, as Mr. Tawney points out, by villages themselves of their community land. It was not, one may submit, a factor which counted for much in social changes of the seventeenth century, though of extreme importance as preparing the way for the large enclosures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Researches even more recent than Mr. Tawney's would seem to indicate that the local government of the sixteenth century was strong enough to oppose effective resistance to Lords of the Manor and other magnates, especially when the policy of the central government was in harmony with the wishes of peasantry and yeo-manry. Yours, etc., E. M. G.

"SCOTS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. Mackay Mackenzie (Athenæum, January 16, p. 90), has mistaken the purpose of my letter. I doubted not, and do not doubt, for a moment your critic's accuracy; and I am well aware that Douglas thought he wrote Scots. My contention was, and is, that the vernacular of the Scottish lowlands has no just right to the The original Scots was Gaelic, and the claim title of Scots. of Gaelic to that title is not to be regarded as invalidated by reasons of the pretensions indulged by a dialect of English which, whether or not it deserves the censures passed upon it by Dugald Stewart, is certainly not Scots. The writings of Douglas, as those of Burns and others who used English as spoken in Scotland, belong to English literature. How, therefore, are they Scots?

Your servant to command, R. ERSKINE of Marr.

THE TRANSLATION OF TCHEHOV'S TALES

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,-In your issue of the 16th inst. you remark (p. 95) that vol. 8 is believed to be the final volume in the St. Martin's Library " edition of Tchehov's tales. We are glad to be able to inform you that Mrs. Garnett is proceeding with her translation, and that the edition will be a complete one, comprising at least 12 volumes. Would you be so kind as to give this fact publicity in your columns? CHATTO & WINDUS. Yours truly,

Foreign Literature MEDIÆVAL FRENCH CLASSICS

LES CLASSIQUES FRANÇAIS DU MOYEN AGE.— LA CHANSON D'ASPREMONT. Tome I. Édité par Louis Brandin. 4fr. 95.
—GAUTI R D'AUPAIS. Édité par Edmond Faral. 1fr. 65.
(Paris, Champion.)

F the two volumes just added to the trustworthy, comely and cheap collection of "Mediæval French Classics," one, and that the more important, will require further notice when its second part appears, but may be well recommended now. The "Chanson d'Aspremont" is neither one of the earliest nor one of the most famous of the chansons de geste. But it seems now to be put by the daters of such things earlier (twelfth century) than it used to be (thirteenth), and though it has never yet been regularly edited, it has always been known to deal with an interesting part of the story—no less a one than the "dubbing" of Roland for saving his sovereign's life. The most interesting thing in the early part of the poem is the episode of Gerars d'Eufrate, the aged and "very stark" Lord of Burgundy, Auvergne, the Gévaudan, etc., and his wife Emmeline. Gerars is an exceedingly refractory vassal, if vassal he can be called, to "the son of the dwarf," as he designates Charlemagne; and he stoutly resists the invitation of Archbishop Turpin (his own relation) that he shall come to the Emperor's aid against the overwhelming hosts of the Saracen Agolant. But a little afterwards, as the old man, "full orgilous and proud," sits in his palace of the ancient days, Emmeline, sa cortoise mollier, takes him to task. The ladies of the chansons, if they are not so prominent as those of the romances, fully justify the boast of their modern descendants that "la femme française est une personne." As girls they are sometimes slightly "coming" to their lovers (for instance, Bellicent, Charlemagne's own daughter, in "Amis et Amiles"), and sometimes rather fractious to others, as when Floripas (who, to be sure, was not a French princess, but a Saracen) in "Fierabras" calls her father "an old devil" because he will not be converted, and so stops her marriage. But in each case there is nothing "missish" about them. And when they are married, though they can be pattern wives in different ways (as Bellicent herself to Amiles, and Orable to Guillaume d'Orange), they keep their freedom of speech and behaviour. So Emmeline "of the proud visage" (the poet knew that that and "cortoise" were no contradiction) takes her formidable husband roundly and soundly to task. They have been married a hundred years, she says, and he has never ceased evildoing all the time. It is wonderful that God can put up with him. Here is all Christendom in jeopardy, and he will not do his duty. So he first confesses to her that he is longing to go, but will not help Charlemagne; and then capitulates altogether, gathers his men, joins the Emperor, and becomes the old hero, as Roland is the young one, of the great fight at Aspramonte, south of Rome, having previously kissed Emmeline, begged her pardon if he has annoyed her, and sworn by sa grant barbe mellee (grizzled) that the Saracens have made a bad day for themselves. And so they had :though it was a very tough business before it was settled, and looked very ugly for Christendom sometimes

The fighting in the *chansons* was always delightful reading, but it has acquired new charms recently. One wonders, for instance, whether "Gerard of the Euphrates" (controversy on this point declined) would have enjoyed himself most at Le Cateau or at Esdraelon. With Allenby he would have been more at home in dealing with his old friends the Saracens; but with Smith-Dorrien he would have had the extra and quite Aspramontish joy of fighting against apparently hopeless odds. Also, if some of the

persons who converse with shades nowadays would obtain his views on the League of Nations, it might be amusing. Meanwhile it may please some readers worth pleasing to finish with his observation when somebody comes and tells him that the Saracens are many enough "to eat the Christians up at one meal, if their flesh were cooked and salted":

> Et dist Gerars: Ne l'ai pas redotee, Franc chevalier, ves la cosse aprestee. De Paradis est overte l'entree; Dex nos apele en sa joie honoree; Or sons venu a la sainte journee. Cui Dex avra ici la mort donee De tant bonne eure fu sa cars engenree.

(So Gerard said: "I have no fear about it. Fair knights, the matter is all ready. The entry of Paradise is open: God calls us to his honour and joy. Now we have come to the holy day; and if to any God shall have assigned death here, in a right good hour was his flesh engendered!")

To which he adds, as a practical man, that if anybody does not thus attain bliss, but survives, there will be endless loot, and he himself, when they get home, will divide his treasury among them; give them the noblest girls in marriage, and everything else they can wish. Thereupon the men, being Burgundians, and practical likewise, merely bow, and observe laconically that "his people are quite ready to defend him at edge of sword." And then they go and do it.

"Gautier d'Aupais" is more milk-and-watery. It used to be called a fabliau, and belongs to the general class of romans d'aventures, but is now designated a roman cour-tois. Certainly the "adventure" is very mild, and the commentators seem chiefly to have confined themselves to discussing where "Aupais" is or was. The story simply tells how a young gentleman lost his property at play, how his father beat him, how he ran away, saw a young lady and fell in love with her; how he took service with her father, made love to her in rhyme, and gained her affection. She (most properly) tells her mother, who tells the father, who rather unexpectedly approves. So they are married, and the other father comes to the wedding, and they cry a good deal. But people in general eat "maint chapon a sasse destrempree," and the last stanza of all is agreeably and the last stanza of all is agreeably outspoken, requesting (with a Paternoster) that God and St. Vaas will grant to all lovers the same enjoyments as to Gautier and his love. The chief noteworthy thing about the piece is that it, contrary to the wont of its kind, is in monorhymed alexandrine laisses of irregular length, like a chanson.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

L'EXPÉRIENCE DU BONHEUR

MACAO ET COSMAGE. Par Edy. Legrand. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 20fr.)

BEAUTIFUL book! What would the art critics, whose rightful property you are, say about you? They would not say "O beautiful book!" for they have the gift of words and can state with precision which of your pages are Illustrations and which Significant Forms. O fifty pages, each lovelier than its brother, so gorgeous in your colours, so moving in your theme that the beholder falls a-doting, and phrases of music come into his ear, and quotations from poetry to his lips! Your scene is an island—a kingless continent sinless as Eden, and no one lives upon it but Adam and Eve.

Qui pourrait dire comment Macao et Cosmage vinrent dans cette île, comment la destinée put les unir ? Personne! Ni toi, ni moi, nous ne le saurons jamais.

They have lived there as long as they can remember amongst birds and flowers; they have ridden giraffes and turtle
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turtles, and danced in the shades and lights of the forest; they have played by the cataract at sunset; and at night, when all the island except its stars became azure, they have slept beneath plumed trees, while their innocence enclosed them in a shell of white light, in a magical fruit that gleamed in the highways of the darkness. New joys in the morning. By listening to the song of the birds Cosmage learned how to sing, and by watching their nests Macao learned how to build a house. They made a path through the wood, and found at the end of it the sea, and the sea opened her treasures to them—great fish that slithered, and scuttling crabs. Macao and Cosmage were not dignified, they had not the faked simplicity of Genesis or Greece, but he was chinless, like all truly good men, and she goggle-eyed and black. They neither toiled nor posed, nor did they give thanks.

And during a morning of that eternal spring they saw "une apparition inexpliquable" upon the blue and white of the sea. It was the Commandant Létambot and his jolly tars, who had been chasing the Boche. He landed on the island, exclaimed, "Quelle trouvaille!" and hoisted the tricolour upon a lofty palm. After many days he returned. The whole horizon was black with smoke this time. An immense fleet arrived, full of soldiers, colonists, officials, photographers, commercial travellers, botanists, electricians, policemen; and the Commandant made a speech in which he told the two inhabitants that their island's name was "L'île du Coin du Monde," and that he was bringing to it "le bonheur," happiness. Before long the giraffes were exterminated and the waterfalls diverted for industrial purposes; the trees were cut down, and a public garden installed where they had grown; the birds were chased by gallant airmen out of the sky; and the mountains were scored with funiculars, and crowned with hotels for ladies and their dogs. Macao and Cosmage grew old. They could not find the happpiness that they had been promised, they had lost the solitude that they loved, and they went upon the matter before the Governor, weeping. The Governor was a young and energetic man. He removed his cigar for a moment, and spoke over his shoulder to Macao and Cosmage as follows:

Vous vivez à l'époque des grandes inventions ; l'activité humaine, sous toutes ses formes, est sans limites! Le bonheur est dans le travail.

"I don't understand what you mean by work," replied Macao, "and I am too old to learn." However, he obtained permission to depart, together with Cosmage, and to seek out some corner which civilization had not yet blessed. They set out, followed by their faithful animals, and, having walked for many, many days, came to a place where the sky was not covered with smoke. It was a poor place compared to the home of their youth, but the trees, though scanty, were beautiful; the birds, though rare, still sang; and there was a little stream. Here they built a small house, and sitting on its doorstep, in extreme old age, they had the experience of happiness

O beautiful book! O wisest of books! What help do you bring after all? You only underline the inevitable. As the author remarks, "Enfant, Macao était un sage, mais le gouverneur avait raison." But your scarlet birds, your purple precipices and white ponds, are part of a dream from which humanity will never awake. In the heart of each man there is contrived, by desperate devices, a magical island such as yours. We place it in the past or the future for safety, for we dare not locate it in the present, because of the Commandant Létambot, who sails upon every sea. We call it a memory or a vision to lend it solidity, but it is neither really; it is the outcome of our sadness, and of our disgust with the world that we have made.

E. M. F.

"MUOIONO GLI ALTRI DEI . . . "

IL LIBRO DEI MORTI. Da Alfredo Panzini. (Roma, La Voce. 4 lire.)

OWEVER great the debt an Englishman may owe to the Latin classics, they can never appeal to him with the intimacy they awaken in a cultivated Italian. One has only to live in a villa where the fountain spurts up from a Roman basin, or where the lower portions of a wall of a neighbouring cottage are of "opus reticulatum" which has stood in its place for nearly twenty centuries, to become acutely aware of the difference. It is evening on the farm on which G. Giacomo has settled, and

together with the Hymn to the Virgin, those beautiful lines of Virgil rose spontaneously to the mind of this humble man—rose with the strength of the swell that rises on the sea as it heaves under the influence of the tide:

. . . jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant, majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

It is true that, if we are to understand the feeling that welled up and overflowed his whole soul, we must add that it was not memory that called up these verses, but the very divinity of these Latin fields of ours, the silent, mystical majesty of the night that was drawing nigh which took possession of his mind and guided it to remember them.

Near the farm are two bushes of rosemary, once sacred to the Lares, now only used to season the fat capons of the household as they roast on the spit.

G. Giacomo has been brought up by the priests on the old lines when Romagna belonged to the States of the Church, and not far from the farm runs the Via Flaminia which traverses Rimini, where he was born and grew up with his father, the notary. The road keeps alive his interest in Livy to the day when our author resuscitates him from the grave where he has lain for three years to tell us his story.

G. Giacomo lived in the transition period. He witnessed the overthrow of Papal rule, the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, the alarming increase in taxation, and the disappearance of all that he had been taught to hold sacred. The doctor, once a political exile in London, is all for the new world, sending his son to be educated away from home in the hope of seeing him a leader in it, whereas G. Giacomo has his boy brought up in the old way by the priests; and a fortunate legacy enables him to carry out his purpose of continuing the old life on the farm, with his open-handed hospitality and charity.

Signor Panzini tells us he had misgivings about reprinting this his first book, and it is not always easy to realize that it comes from the pen of one of the most polished stylists of modern Italy. Only occasionally do we find a trace of the delicate irony that has played through so many volumes of sketches and short stories. And in other ways a good deal of water has passed under the old Roman bridge outside Rimini since this book was written. Signor Panzini would be the first to smile at the rather crude debates between the doctor, the priest, and G. Giacomo on the changes of the day. Even more surprising is the sympathy with the simple, religious life of the village in a writer who has since learned to resign himself to most of what modern progress has brought with it to Italy. The last chapters bring us nearest to the Panzini we have learned to know. even in his most modern work he never altogether forgets that

> Muoiono gli altri dei; di Grecia i numi Non sanno occaso.

THE original MS. of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" was sold in Philadelphia on January 16 for \$12,600 (nominally \$2,520)

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ANTON TCHEHOV

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (1860-1887)

A NTON PAVLOVITCH TCHEHOV was born on Jan. 17, 1860, in Taganrog. His grandfather was a serf of Tchertkov's, the father of that very same Tchertkov who, as a disciple of Tolstoy, is so well known abroad. In 1841, twenty years before the abolition of serfdom in Russia, Tchehov's grandfather bought out his family of eight for £350, that is £50 per soul, with the eighth member, his daughter Alexandra, thrown in gratis. At that time the family lived in the Voronezh government, but with the purchase of their freedom they moved to the Causasus, where Tchehov's grandfather became steward on the estates of Count Platov, a hero of 1812.

Tchehov's father, Pavel Yegorovitch, was a gifted man-From early childhood he had a passion for music and singing. According to the family chronicles, a certain sexton taught him to sing from sight, and he also played the fiddle. At the age of sixteen, while he was apprentice at a sugar refinery, the owner, who considered him a very honest boy, sent him with a large sum of money to Moscow. He made the journey together with a large drove of cattle to be sold. In 1844 Tchehov's father moved to Taganrog, where he became a clerk in an office. There he worked until 1857, when he opened a business of his own as a general merchant, giving it up in 1876, when he migrated to Moscow. As a merchant of the Second Guild of Taganrog he took an active part in the affairs of the city, and, to the detriment of his own business, gave himself to church singing, conducted the church choir, played the fiddle, and even painted. The icon of John Chrysostomus painted by him is still in existence, and is in Anton Tchehov's study in his house in Yalta.

Yevguenya Morozov, Anton's mother, was the daughter of a very intelligent cloth merchant who travelled all over Russia with his goods, and settled finally in Taganrog. There she married in 1854. Her father was received in the best society in Taganrog, and respected by everybody. Anton's mother used to tell her children stories about the journeys she had made as a child all over Russia with her father. All ber children, Anton especially, loved to listen to these stories. She had a quiet, gentle manner, which he was considered to have inherited from her.

Through the insistence of his wife, Anton's father wished his children to have a good education and made inquiries about the best schools. The local Greeks persuaded him to send Anton to the Greek school, but it turned out to be unsatisfactory and he was transferred to the local gymnasium.

As was the case with many families of their day, the life of the Tchehovs was quite patriarchal. The father was strict and exacting, but this did not prevent them from all living in the greatest friendship. The day began and ended with work. All got up early. The boys (Anton had four brothers and one sister) went to school, came home, learned their lessons, and in spare moments each occupied himself with some hobby. The eldest brother, Alexander, made electric batteries, Nicolay drew, Ivan bound books, and Anton made up stories. In the evenings, when the father was home, they all sang together, and he and Nicolay played the violin. The mother, tender and loving, was for ever looking after them all. Even as a young woman her life was devoted to her children. Hating serfdom, she instilled in them a hatred of its injustice and wretchedness; and she taught them to love and respect not only all who were their inferiors, but birds and animals and all defenceless creatures. Tchehov used to say to his friends in later years: "We inherited our talent from father, but mother gave us a soul.

A Frenchman taught the children languages, a music teacher taught them to play the piano. And their life, unusual at that time, passed like the life of any middle-class Russian family of to-day. The peculiar trait was singing and household prayers. Every Saturday evening the whole family went to vespers, and on their return from church they continued the singing at home. Returning from Sunday evening service, the family again sang in chorus. The father arranged a regular choir with his children, and sang with them in the church of the local castle (in which Alexander I. lived,

and died in 1825). Service here was held only in Passion Week, on the first day of Easter, Ascension Day, and Whit Sunday. There Tchehov got to know all the church services and to sing with his brothers.

In the middle of the seventies of last century the economic life of Taganrog began to decline, owing to a new railway line connecting Rostov with Vladikavkaz, and the Tchehov family fortunes declined with it. This was attributed partly to the father's interest in public affairs, his frequenting churches, and his being away from business a great deal. At times he would send his children to his shop "to keep a master's eye on things." When this happened the children enjoyed undreamed of pleasures. They spent whole days at the sea, fishing; played all sorts of games, went to their grandfather's village, walked in the park, arranged theatricals. In spite of the comparative strictness of the family régime all the Tchehov boys, outside the sphere of their immediate duties, enjoyed the greatest freedom.

Anton was a healthy, large-browed, lively, agile boy, with an inexhaustible fund of tricks and pranks. He was the most gifted of the brothers in providing amusements for the family, and would mimic and imitate their friends in the form of a scene from a play. In home theatricals he was the leading spirit, One of his favourite improvisations was a scene in which the Chief of Police arrives at a parade in the cathedral, and stands in the middle of the church on a carpet surrounded by foreign ambassadors. Anton played the governor. In his school uniform, with an old-fashioned sabre strapped across his shoulder, he gave a clever imitation of the behaviour of the governor and held a military review of the Cossacks. The eldest brother, Alexander, played no more in theatricals by that time, and in 1875 he left Taganrog for Moscow and never returned back to his family. He took with him Nicolay, the next oldest brother. So there remained only Ivan, Marie, Michael, and Anton, who was now considered the eldest. They lived together thus until almost the middle of the

After the two elder brothers left for Moscow, the father's business collapsed quickly. He no longer took part in the municipal elections, his choir came to an end. The family now knew poverty; but in the evenings Anton would still amuse them with his improvisations, or the mother would tell of her early years in the caravan, or of how the allies bombarded Taganrog, or of the hardships of the peasants under serfdom.

In 1876 the father gave up business. His house was sold at auction by his creditors, and the furniture removed by one of them. The father went to Moscow to look for work, leaving the family penniless. The two youngest boys were sent off temporarily to their grandfather, and Anton, as the eldest of the family, had to help them all. In a few months his mother and sister Marie left Taganrog for Moscow, where were the father, Alexander (at the University) and Nicolay (at the Academy of Painting and Sculpture). In the spring of 1876 Anton was left in Taganrog alone. He had to earn his living by giving lessons, and thus he continued for nearly three years until he finished the gymnasium at the age of nineteen.

Very little is known of these three years of Tchehov's life. He passed them in the house of the man who had bought their old home, and tutored the man's cousin. He used to visit his pupil's country house, drive across the steppe, hunt and frequent the mines. It was during that time that Anton grew to know the steppe and its life. a boy of eighteen and nineteen he thoroughly enjoyed flirting with schoolgirl friends, and his love affairs, as he related them to his brother Michael, were always full of gaiety. He went to the theatre a great deal; he enjoyed farces and French melodramas and "Hamlet." And the novels and stories And the novels and stories of Victor Hugo, Spielhagen and Georg Born greatly impressed him. At eighteen he wrote a play "Fatherless" and a very funny one-act piece which he sent to his brothers in Moscow. Michael relates that when Anton came to Moscow he tore the play up, but kept the one-act piece. While at the Taganrog gymnasium he edited a journal, The Stammerer, especially written for his elder brothers and sent to them at Moscow.

(To be continued.)

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List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

*Manchester: John Rylands Library. BULLETIN, vol. 5, nos. 3-4. Manchester, University Press (Longmans), April-November, 1919. 10½ in. 220 pp. paper, 2/ 052 Dr. Rendel Harris deals with metrical fragments in 3 Maccabees, and Professor Tout with mediæval forgeries. A characteristic paper by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers is on "Mind and Medicine." Dr. Bruton's centenary paper on the Peterloo affair we have noticed already. Professor Elliot Smith pursues his special branch of mythology and folk-lore in a long paper on "Dragons and Rain Gods." There are the usual notes and shorter articles.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Boirac (Emile). The Psychology of the Future ("L'Avenir des Sciences Psychiques"). Translated and edited with an introduction by W. de Kerlor. Kegan Paul [1919]. 9 in. 336 pp. il. index, 10/6 n. 130.2 The psychology of the future, as here described, is remarkably like the animal magnetism and Odic force of the early part of last century.

Hawkins (Hester Periam). Ourselves and the Universe. Marshall Brothers [1919]. 7 in. 83 pp. index, paper, 2/ n. 113

In this little book the author confines herself for the most part to statements so incontrovertible that they bear a dangerous resemblance to commonplaces. She progresses from the æther to life after death, taking in the stars, man and religion on the way. She seems to have a liking for vague quotations. Her book provides what should be the irreducible minimum of information on which to base an outlook on life.

Jones (W. Tudor). The Training of Mind and Will. Foreword by Alex. Hill. Williams & Norgate, 1919. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 69 pp., 2/6 n.

A little book inciting young men to train their mind and will in order to attain success in life. Such necessary preliminaries to success as attention, concentration, observation, are elucidated in a pleasant, talkative style. Christianity is described as the coping-stone of true training.

Shannon (Alastair). Morning Knowledge: the Story of the New Inquisition. Longmans, 1920. 9 in. 380 pp., 14/ n. 111

For two years and a half a prisoner of war in Turkey, the author devoted nearly half of that period to the writing of this work. If, perhaps, somewhat premature as a presentment of philosophy, the book is at all events an essay at the expression of a young man's "positive assurance in the value of man as a real creator." Beginning with negations, the author advances by degrees to the conclusions that there is "more in life than mechanism, and more in reason than intellect"; that intellect is "so formed as to grasp mechanism wholly"; and that reason is "so formed as to reflect life wholly and to find for life a purpose which is not yet palpable, though psychologically evident."

200 RELIGION.

*Ingram (Arthur Foley Winnington), Bishop of London.
VICTORY AND AFTER. Wells Gardner & Darton [1919].
7\frac{1}{2}\text{ in. 254 pp., 3/n.}

These sermons and addresses, like most published utterances

These sermons and addresses, like most published utterances over the signature "A. F. London," are very readable;

they include several specially striking and thoughtful pronouncements. The sermons "A New Earth," preached on Ash Wednesday, 1919, and "Help in the Past a Ground for Confidence in the Future," preached in St. Paul's on Easter Day last, are fine deliverances, in which the bishop shows a keenly sympathetic realization of some of the crying needs of the time.

Skinner (Conrad A.). PRAYER IN THE LIGHT OF THE FATHER-HOOD OF GOD. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in, 90 pp., 2/6

The Rev. C. A. Skinner's book, which has a foreword by the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, is an endeavour to interpret, in theory, the "personal experience of many souls, that the more one knows God, the less does he want to ask for things." Prayer, says the author, is dominated and determined by the conception of the divine Fatherhood. The fourth section of the book is devoted to suggestions "with respect to certain apparent obstacles" to the author's theory.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

*Keynes (John Maynard). The Economic Consequences of the Peace. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 287 pp., 8/6 n. 330.4

See review, p. 105.

Lay (Wilfrid). The Child's Unconscious Mind: the relations of psycho-analysis to education: a book fo. teachers and parents. Kegan Paul [1920]. 9 inr 329 pp. index, 10/ n. 370.15 Rather mild applications of Freudian theories, which may

perhaps be of some use.

*The Round Table: a quarterly review of the politics of the British Commonwealth. Macmillan, December, 1919. 9 in. 219 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 305

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Under this text from Mr. Lloyd George, the first article in the present number reviews the conditions under which responsible government is to be secured at home and extended to the countries now lying at the mercy of the Powers. Slavery played its part in the progress of civilization by providing a motive for saving the defeated from wholesale slaughter. Absolute government laid the foundations of the national States, without which freedom on the large scale could never have been achieved. In like manner the industrial regimentation of society under the capitalist system has made possible a free and altruistic economic organization. Devolution, Indian reform, self-government for the liberated countries in the Middle East—these are the problems now calling for earnest and unselfish consideration. In the second article, on European reconstruction, the mistake of a year ago in losing control of the economic machinery of Europe is pointed The urgent needs now are to provide food supplies for Central Europe and the Near East, to set the Reparation Committee to work and furnish credit to Germany and Austria, and to regulate currency. A long article on the Railway Strike deals with the history of the situation during the last thirteen years. A threefold study of the "Outlook in the Middle East" is marked "Communicated." There follow an appreciation of General Botha, and reviews of affairs in the United Kingdom, India, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Crabtree (J. H.). Wonders of Insect Life: details of the habits and structure of insects, illustrated by the camera and the microscope. Routledge [1919]. 8 in. 219 pp. il., 6/ n. 595.7

The author pleasantly discourses upon the characters, life-histories, and customs of a considerable number of insects, including the Coleoptera, of which the stag-beetle is the first example given; the Orthoptera, not omitting the much maligned earwig; the Neuroptera, a representative of which is the dragon-fly; and other winged Insects. The wingless insects, or Aptera, comprise a group of noisome creatures, most of which, though of scientific interest, from the ordinary human social point of view "never would be missed." The book is well illustrated.

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Windle (Sir Bertram Coghill Alan). Science and Morals; and other essays. Burns & Oates, 1919. 7½ in. 190 pp. index, 7/ n.

A number of popular essays, dealing with various scientific ideas, chiefly in biology, and with quasi-philosophical reflections on the relations of science to other subjects—particularly religion. The author's purely scientific learning is doubtless sound enough, but he does not always give us the impression of being equally at home with philosophical questions.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

*Stevens (Thomas George). DISEASES OF WOMEN. Univ. of London Press, 1919. 9 in. 459 pp. il, index, 20/n.

The second edition of this useful work, thoroughly revised and entirely reset.

Winn (Wren). TIMBERS AND THEIR USES: a handbook for woodworkers, merchants, and all interested in the conversion and use of timber. Routledge, 1919. 9 in. 335 pp. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 674

As a compendium of information this will be of value to timber merchants, though the matter is fairly old, except as regards new timbers recently imported. Chapter VI., dealing with available sources of supply, is good, and also Chapter VIII., on the formation of wood, though it is rather elementary in comparison with recent papers on the subject.

700 FINE ARTS.

Legrand (Edy.). Macao et Cosmage; ou, l'Expérience DU BONHEUR. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française [1919]. 13 in. il., 20fr. 743.9 See review, p. 122.

*Randolph (Wilfrid). THE CHURCHES OF BELGIUM: an architectural outline. Routledge [1919]. 9 in. 111 pp. maps, il. plans, 6/n. 720.94

An architectural history of Belgian churches arouses mixed feelings to-day, and it is to be wished that Mr. Randolph had given more definite information as to which of the buildings or parts of buildings described here stand intact. His book is technical, but not too much so for the general reader; he deals with the history of the churches and their historical associations only, as a rule, so far as light is thrown thereby on the history of the fabric or the development of the art. The book would have been before the war an invaluable guide; parts are now, alas! ancient history; but it is still useful to have this outline conspectus of the whole subject. Many of the illustrations are satisfactory, though the reproduction is coarse and muddy.

780 MUSIC.

Borrás (Tomás). El Avapiés: drama lirico in tres actos.
 Musica de Conrado Del Campo y Angel Barrios. Madrid,
 Editorial Pueyo, 1919. 7½ in. 162 pp., 3.50 ptas.
 See review, p. 118. 782.6

800 LITERATURE.

Cotterill (Erica). An Account through Letters: 5. Chelsea, printed by J. B. Shears, 64, Sydney Street, S.W.3 [1919]. 9 in. 147 pp. 824.9

These papers, in which are to be found numerous ideas strikingly presented, a large measure of introspective psychology, and much by way of protest against taboos and conventions, deserve careful reading; but close study is necessary to make clear the author's meanings, and the main orientation of the thoughts presented in the essays.

Ounsany (Lord). UNHAPPY FAR-OFF THINGS. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 8 in. 95 pp., 5/ n. 824.9 Word-pictures of devastated France. To the reader, and perhaps to the writer also, the cleverness of these descriptions is much more vivid than the scenes described—which is

another way of saying that the scenes described—which is another way of saying that the descriptions are not quite clever enough. There are certain subjects which, for the professional man of letters, to touch is to invite a fall. We fear this book will appeal less to the lovers of France than to the lovers of literary technique.

Massingham (H. J.).
8 in. 306 pp., 6/ n.
LETTERS TO X. Constable, 1919.
824.9

Plautus (T. Maccus). Menæchmi. Edited with introduction and notes by Clara M. Knight. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 7½ in. 132 pp. index, 5/ n. 872.3

In her introduction to this edition of the "Menæchmi"

In her introduction to this edition of the "Menæchmi" Miss Knight has included a useful summary of Latin metres. The notes are fairly full, and are intended for the use of boys in the upper forms of schools or for undergraduates.

Ritchie (Anne, Lady). From Friend to Friend. Murray, 1919. 8 in. 169 pp., 6/n. 824.9

This collection of essays, containing recollections of Browning.

This collection of essays, containing recollections of Browning the Kemble family, etc., travel sketches from France and the Rome of 1853, and letters of W. M. Thackeray, is the last work from the pen of Thackeray's daughter.

Serenity: essays and reflections, October, 1918—June, 1919. By the author of "Peace of Mind." Melrose, 1919. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 211 pp., 4/6 n. 8249 "Conversations," as the author rightly thinks, would describe these pieces better than the word "Essays." In

"Conversations," as the author rightly thinks, would describe these pieces better than the word "Essays." In almost every case the subject taken is a book or something suggested by a book. Particularly interesting is the paper on "The Passing of a Great Publishing House," i.e., Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

POETRY.

Brandin (Louis), ed. La Chanson d'Aspremont: chanson de geste du XIIe siècle: texte du manuscrit de Wollaton Hall ("Les Classiques Français du Moyen Age").

Tome I, vers. 1—6154. Paris, Champion, 1919. 7½ in. 200 pp. paper, 4fr. 95.

See review, p. 122.

Earp (T. W.). THE GATE OF BRONZE. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ by 5 in. 31 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Earp is so highly accomplished and his taste is so faultless that it is often difficult at a first reading to be quite sure whether a poem is the expression of an urgent emotion or whether it has been produced by some sort of literary conjuring trick—a fine rabbit, all alive, materialized out of the empty hat. The genuine emotion would seem to be a melancholy quietism, which expresses itself here and there in fine and moving lines. But for the most part his poems strike one as the apotheosis of vers de société.

Faral (Edmond), ed. GAUTIER D'AUPAIS: poème courtois du XIIIe siècle ("Les Classiques Français du Moyen Age"). Paris, Champion, 1919. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 42 pp. notes, gloss. index, paper, 1fr. 65.

See review, p. 122.

Lea (Donald H.). DIONÈ: A SPRING MEDLEY. Birmingham, Cornish Brothers, 1919. 7½ in. 35 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9 Mr. Lea's verses come out with a pleasant gush of sound and imagery, liquid and swift flowing, but not too facile, not empty of significance. "Dionè"—the poem is a kind of philosophy of beauty—contains many interesting passages. We quote a specimen:

If ought there be around us here that's real, Most real our dreams that come, all unawares, Of mind or memory, waked by single notes—An apt word, a wandering scent—the tang Of brine, wood-smoke and bracken in the sun; Or gorse her pale, dilute, unwonted scent.

Lea (Donald H.). A Number of Things in Verse. Birmingham, Cornish Brothers, 1919. 7½ in. 93 pp., 4/6 n.

In this volume Mr. Lea's facility is sometimes his undoing. He is apt to "rhyme and rattle" for the mere reason that rhyming and rattling come easy to him. "One Day in March," a poem inspired by the sight of a rabbit in a trap, is perhaps the best thing in the book.

White (Gilbert). The Poems of Gilbert White. With an introduction by Sir Herbert Warren. S.P.C.K., 1920. 7½ in. 157 pp., 6/n. 821.9

Bishop White writes with the vigorous energy of one who has no time to dwell on the problems of exquisite expression. Nevertheless, every now and then he lights on things that are singularly felicitous. Of the three sections into which the book is divided—"Nature," "Man" and "God"—the first is, perhaps, poetically the best. "Man" contains a number of poems on Australia written during and before the war.

FICTION.

Gould (Nat). RACING RIVALS. Long [1920]. 61 in. 252 pp.,

The rivals are half-brothers, both having inherited from their father a love of racing. The story is told in the author's usual breezy style.

Gray (Arthur), pseud. "Ingulphus." TEDIOUS BRIEF TALES OF GRANTA AND GRAMARYE. Cambridge, Heffer (Simpkin & Marshall), 1919. 8½ by 7 in. 98 pp. il., 4/6 n. A collection of pleasant, leisurely, quaint stories about old worthies of Cambridge University. The stories are well told,

and the supernatural atmosphere, while it does not produce a frisson, nevertheless heightens the charm of the stories. The volume is beautifully printed.

Hornung (E. W.). FATHERS OF MEN. Murray, 1919. 7 in. 306 pp., 2/ n.

Merritt (A.). THE MOON POOL. Putnam, 1919. 8 in. 443 pp. front., 7/n.

Discoveries upon ruin-covered islets in the Pacific Ocean lead the chief personages in this story into a series of supernormal experiences and adventures, many of which are represented as capable of scientific explanation. Radio-activity is brought into play. The author's descriptions of the underground world and its inhabitants show considerable imaginative power. Though admittedly fictitious, the narrative is much more convincing than are most of the so-called "messages" in spiritist literature professing to describe what is on "the other side." Mr. Merritt's novel is very well worth reading.

Panzini (Alfredo). Il Libro dei Morti: romanzo. Roma, "La Voce," Trinità Monti, 18 [1919]. 8 in. 165 pp. paper, 4 lire. See review, p. 123.

Sharp (Evelyn). Somewhere in Christendom. Allen & Unwin [1919]. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 256 pp. paper 5/ n., cl. 6/6 n. There is a revolution in the neutral state of Ethuria, and a

prophetess arises who predicts the birth of a child destined to found the new religion of universal brotherhood. The prophetess gains over the King and Queen of Ethuria to her views, and they resign their powers and privileges. The people are taught to start by setting up an Idea; and events gradually come about as the seer has foretold. The attempts of two neighbouring powers to go to war, at the instigation of a newspaper proprietor possessed of immense influence, are frustrated; and the story embodies a good deal of the humour characteristic of much of the author's work.

Thompson (Leigh). The Accursed Valley. Mills & Boon [1920]. 7½ in. 316 pp., 6/n.

Malaria, elephantiasis, and other ills of the flesh are very prominent in this picture of the life led by Europeans in a particularly unhealthy region of tropical Africa. One of the principal characters, a brave doctor, succumbs to sleeping sickness; and from beginning to end of the book there is a somewhat depressing insistence upon the gloomier aspects of a sojourn in a tsetse-infested river valley.

Tighe (Harry). DAY DAWN. Westall [1919]. 71 in. 309 pp.,

A story dealing with reincarnation and the like. Denis O'Farrel becomes acquainted with Lucy Moore, who gives him a letter from her dead mother, stating that Denis's father and herself loved "in a previous state," and married, that Denis is their child, and that he is to help Lucy—in whom there is no blood of Denis's family. Lucy needs help, for she is under the influence of a mysterious Egyptian.

Turner (John Hastings). A PLACE IN THE WORLD. Cassell

[1920]. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 320 pp., 7/6 n. Iris Iranovna, a beautiful Russian who has been divorced from her husband after nearly killing him in a fit of temper, comes to London and settles down in suburbia shortly before the war breaks out. Mr. Turner has a clever pen, and the fluttering of the dovecotes caused by Iris's unconventionality gives him scope for a number of incisive character-sketches. One of the best of these is the large-minded vicar, who may fairly be described as the hero of the piece. Mr. Turner is to be congratulated on the keenness of his observation as well as the liveliness of his style.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Lloyd (LL.) and others. CHINESE PIE: stories and articles by people who have lived in China. Church Missionary Society [1919]. 7½ in. 62 pp. il. paper, 1/n. 915.1 The authors and artists responsible for the production of this little book have managed to convey a great deal of picturesque information about Chinese life and habits. The C.M.S. is to be congratulated on making its propaganda so

*Quennell (Marjorie and C. H. B.). A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND. Done in two parts, of which this is the second, 1500-1799. Written and illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Batsford [1919]. 9½ in. 208 pp. il. bibliog. gloss. index, 8/6 n. 913.42 The second part of the authors' carefully thought-out scheme to provide "a background for school history lessons." A knowledge of the architecture, of the arts generally, and of the costumes of the different periods is exceedingly helpful to young students, who will find in the book much information about the churches, houses, furniture, libraries, dress, armour, weapons, games, sports, etc., of our ancestors during each of the centuries under consideration. The first part was favourably noticed in The Athenæum for December, 1918, p. 525.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Ellacombe (Henry Nicholson).

Hill (Arthur W.). HENRY NICHOLSON ELLACOMBE, Hon. Canon of Bristol, Vicar of Bitton and Rural Dean, 1822-1916: a memoir ("Country Life Library"). "Country Life," 1919. 9 in. 318 pp. il. pors. app., 10/6 n. 920

A pleasing account of a vigorous and charming personality. Canon Ellacombe was an enthusiastic gardener. To the end he maintained close relations with Kew, and a regular exchange of plants took place for years. Bitton undoubtedly became one of the most famous smaller gardens in the West of England, and its lovable owner was never tired of showing its beauties to friends or strangers.

Tussaud (John Theodore). The Romance of Madame Tussaud's. Odhams, 1920. 9 in. 320 pp. il., 21/n. 920 See review p. 109.

930-990 HISTORY.

*Allen (W. E. D.). THE TURKS IN EUROPE: a sketch-study. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 268 pp. maps, index, 10/6 n. 949.6 See review last week, p. 73.

Ibañez de Ibero (C.). L'ALLEMAGNE DE LA DÉFAITE. Paris, Rivière, 1919. 7½ in. 160 pp. il. paper, 4fr. n. 943.08 An impartial study of the political and economic situation of Germany and her resources and prospects. The author follows closely the internal events since the Armistice, and has had interviews with representatives of the different classes and parties, which bring out their various views and intentions, and throw light on a very complex problem.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Adam (H. Pearl). PARIS SEES IT THROUGH: A DIARY, 1914-1919. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 9 in. 347 pp. il. pors. app., 15/n. 940.9 Many of the doings, and some of the sayings, of the Parisian

"Mr. Britling" are presented in a spirited and readable fashion by the author of this diary of life in the French capital from August, 1914, to the period when the Peace Treaty was signed at Versailles. Included in the book are descriptions of the demeanour of the Parisians at the time of the air raids and long-range bombardments.

*Reynardson (Henry Birch). ynardson (Henry Birch). Mesopotamia, 1914-15 extracts from a regimental officer's diary. Melrose,

1919. 8 in. 284 pp. il. maps, 9/ n. 940.9

The modest sub-title gives an inadequate idea of the scope of Captain Reynardson's book. He not only describes the successive steps which led to General Townshend's capture of Kut in September, 1915, and his part in the battle of Ctesiphon, but also provides a series of sketches and plans of the various battles. There is much to interest the purely civilian reader, for Captain Reynardson has a good deal to say about the early history of Mesopotamia, gives many photographs of present-day conditions, and cites some noteworthy instances of the confidence shown by the natives in British rule.

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